MAY 11 1981
AMBASSADOR
COLLEGE LIBRARY

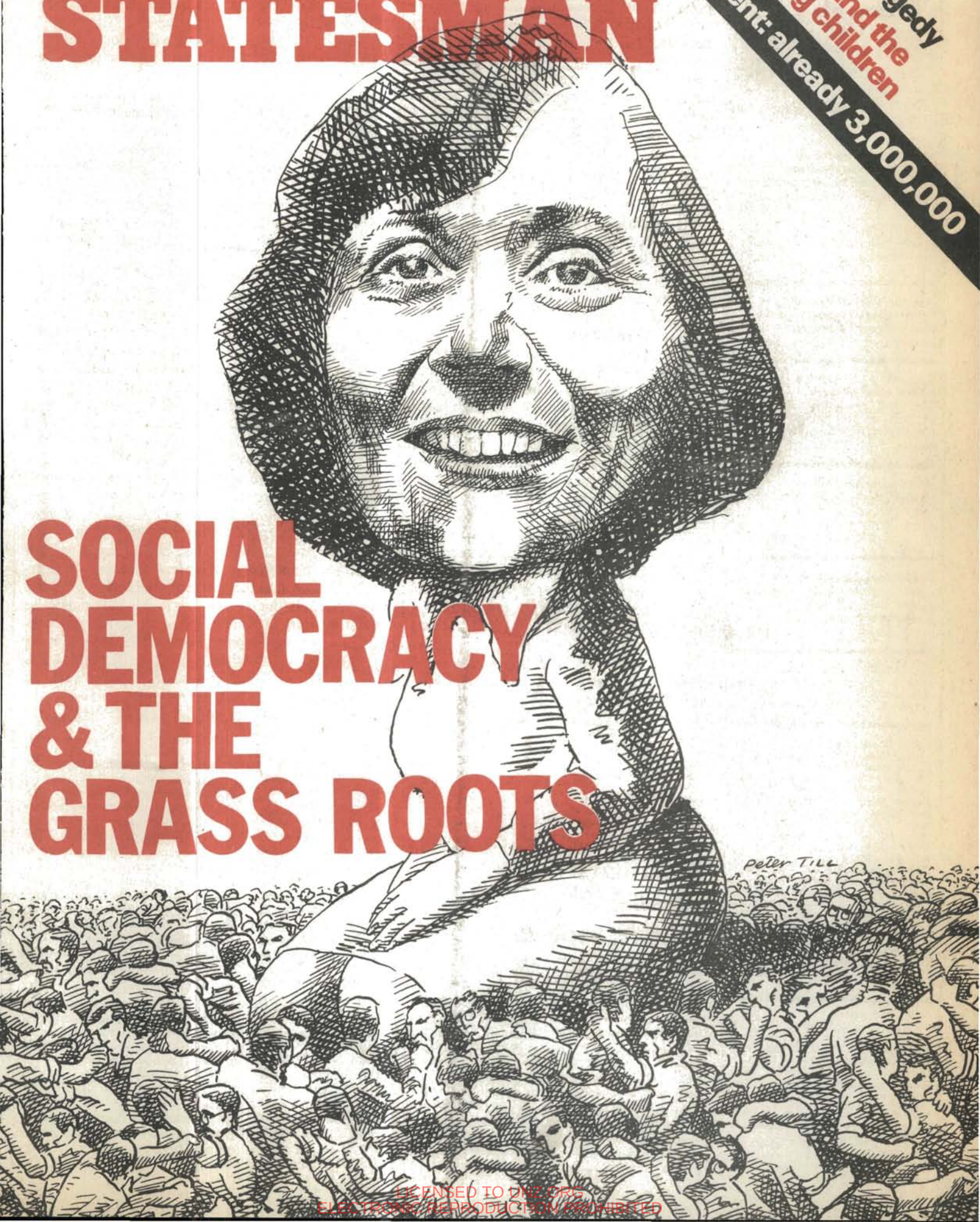
27 March 1981 45p IR67p USA $1.50 By Air

NEW STATESMAN

Unemployment: already 3,000,000

The Linwood tragedy

Schools and the vanishing children



SOCIAL DEMOCRACY & THE GRASS ROOTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN Vol 101 No 2610 27 March 1981

Cover drawing: Peter Till

Now is the time for all good Social Democrats . . .
Why NS director Anthony Sampson backs the new party page 10

Bruce Page reports from a sickly grass-root page 11

Maggie's missing million
Peter Kellner reveals exclusive new evidence on hidden unemployment page 4

The day Poland's secret police went berserk
The first eye-witness account of the confrontation that is threatening Solidarity's future page 6

Who are schools for?
Rick Rogers reviews the Chameleon series of inexpensive, child-centred education studies page 18

Speak for yourself
Anne Karpf reports on a seminar about the potential and the problems of community radio page 21

Diary/Woddis: p.15; Arthur Marshall: p.16; Letters: p.17; Books/Arts: pp18-24; Weekend Competition: p.24; Chess/Crossword: p.25.

Editor: **Bruce Page**; Deputies: **Christopher Hird, Anna Coote**; Political Editor: **Peter Kellner**; London Editorial Staff: **Duncan Campbell, Christopher Hitchens, Francis Wheen, Patrick Wintour**; Northern Editor: **Rob Rohrer**; Irish Editor: **Mary Holland**; Associate Editor: **Godfrey Hodgson**; Education: **Rick Rogers**; Literary & Arts Editor; **Gillian Wilce**; Art Editor: **Vicky Hutchings**; Deputy: **Leigh Hughes**; Chief Executive: **Johnny Johnson**; General Manager: **Peter Jones**; Production Manager: **Joanne Hurst**; Advertisement Manager: **Michael Roberts**; Classified Manager: **Stephen Mitchell**; Circulation Manager: **Les Sharp**; Circulation Sales Manager: **Tim Freeman**; Northern Circulation Sales Manager: **Liz Cooper**; Accountant: **Ted Peacock**

New Statesman
10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ
Tel: 01-405 8471 Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London WC1
© 1981 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd. Marketing and sales representation by COMAG, West Drayton, Middlesex.

Unsolicited manuscripts will only be returned if an s.a.e. is enclosed.

In defence of policy

THE NEW STATESMAN may be just about the only politically-interested journal in this country which will observe the progress of the new Social Democratic party without any partisan spirit. This may cause shock among left-wing readers, who feel that we should lose no opportunity to denounce it, and amazement among readers already devoted to Social Democracy, who tell us that we spend too much time 'sneering' at it.

To the first group, we would say that there isn't likely to be any shortage of denunciations — there never is in British journalism, which has a strong rhetorical tradition — and to the second that we get much the same complaint from Michael Foot's supporters when we report that his anti-nuclear policy doesn't add up, or from Tony Benn's when we suggest that he might be wrong about the structure of British industry.

The personal allegiance of nearly all our editorial staff is mainstream Labour, and not likely to change. That is bound to be reflected in our journalism, and none the worse for that. But what we have tried to do — although in the past the techniques and traditions of the paper have on the whole been otherwise — is to find means of ensuring that readers can tell when we are offering evidence, when we are offering our own opinions, and when we are offering opinions with which we might disagree, but which we believe will be of interest.

The chief business of an independent journalist, in our view, is not to support any particular party, but to inform the readers as far as possible what all political parties are up to. This places us in a rather different position, for instance, from a good many commentators in the respectable press — who, while affecting a degree of Olympian objectivity that we doubt we can achieve, are actually rooting with single-minded vigour for the Social Democrats.

We shall offer some detailed judgments on the Social Demoncrats when they have shown us a bit more of themselves. On Page 10 Anthony Sampson, who is a director of the *New Statesman*, offers his reasons for being a Social Democrat: it's quite likely, indeed predictable, that another of our directors, Professor Peter Townsend, will disagree passionately, and very likely in print. But we shall continue, so long as the Social Democratic experiment remains interesting, to offer space in our columns for arguments which their protagonists wish to put forward — though we shall place a premium on any arguments which they can find that somehow get crowded out of the richer and fatter newspapers.

THERE IS, perhaps, one sort of Social Democratic argument we are not very likely to get along with. Anthony Sampson, whatever differences we may have with him, appears to share our own antique belief that policy, even detailed policy, is important in the making of politics.

In the *Guardian* this week Peter Jenkins, who would certainly like to be seen as one of Social Democracy's *accouchers*, advises that all that sort of nonsense should be swept away: that policies are just what political parties don't need, and the only result of having them is disappointment among your supporters at the discovery that they can't be carried out.

Britain is, maybe, just beginning to recover from the effects of the bread-free loaf, of beer-free beer, and other flaccid marketing-products whose distinctive cunning is that they maximise short-term appeal by leaving all the active principles out. At this particular moment, the thing we need least is a political party purified of politics, and if the Social Democrats fall for such an absurdity, they will be riding the wave of the past, and certainly not the wave of the future. □

Rob Edwards on a new report on bomb-making

Scientists spread atomic secrets

In 1977 two science students at Cambridge University, Mike Sweatman and Bob Lowe, participated in a project with the *Guardian* to see if they could successfully design an atomic bomb using the plutonium fuel rods currently fuelling the Prototype Fast Reactor at Dounreay in Caithness. When the *Guardian* published the results of the exercise in June 1977 — without identifying its authors — it claimed that the design had impressed eminent but anonymous experts. The project was at least the fourth occasion on which it was asserted that nothing prevented a small group of technically competent people from designing a crude but effective atomic weapon.

But because no technical information was published, the debate on the precise relationship between nuclear power and nuclear weapons continued to be conducted in a vacuum. Because the details of how a bomb works were still only the province of a few people, nearly all of whom are within the nuclear establishment, claims and counter-claims proliferated. The industry took to arguing that it would be possible to introduce a 'proliferation-proof' nuclear fuel cycle, in which the plutonium was 'spiked' to prevent it from being made into a bomb.

Frustrated by what they saw as official misinformation, and concerned that the industry shouldn't remain unchallenged, Sweatman and Lowe set about rewriting and expanding the findings they had produced for the *Guardian*. The resultant draft paper, entitled *Atomic Weapons: A discussion*, is now being circulated to those who might have something to add: the eventual aim is to publish the paper for a much wider scientific audience.

The paper maintains that most of what the public thinks it knows about atomic weapons technology is incorrect. The authors are concerned to demonstrate the relative simplicity of atomic weapons and the information provided is, they say, 'of little help to anyone who might want to construct an atomic weapon, as such people would very quickly find out for themselves anything of use'. The main aim is in fact to help control the spread of nuclear technology:

> We hope that this booklet will make some small contribution to bringing nuclear technology under democratic control. Perhaps we will then all decide not to use it.

The information used is all from unclassified sources 'of which the most useful came from the British Lending Library'; the bibliography is comprehensive, running to 75 references. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Duncan Campbell and Walter Barr reveal how Hollis's successor at MI5 still believes in his innocence

The rot at the top of MI5

THE MAN who succeeded Sir Roger Hollis as head of MI5, and who is alleged to have ordered a subsquent accusatory interrogation of Hollis, has denied the existence of any government reports 'implicating Sir Roger Hollis'. Sir Martin Furnival Jones, who was the Deputy Director General of MI5 under Hollis, and later the Director General from 1965 until 1970, told the *New Statesman* in an exclusive interview that investigations conducted by former Cabinet Secretary Sir Burke Trend had not led Trend to conclude that Hollis was a traitor.

Our taped interview with Sir Martin Furnival Jones, who has now refused to comment further, took place last summer, when we investigated the contents of the 'Trend Report' concerning the high level penetration of MI5 by the KGB. Rumours and reports about the Soviet agents at the top of MI5 have been circulating for more than a decade. After the exposure of Anthony Blunt, Hollis's name was mentioned with increasing frequency, and last year we received some very precise information about Sir Roger's alleged treachery. But — particularly in view of Furnival Jones's comments — we did not consider it a firm case against a dead man, and one who had not confessed.

We asked Furnival Jones if he accepted that Sir Burke (now Lord) Trend's 'considered view was that Hollis was a Soviet penetration agent'. Furnival Jones replied that 'I'm sure it wasn't his view . . . I know Burke Trend and I know that isn't his view . . . He told me'.

We asked him if he knew if Trend's investigations implicated anyone else: 'I'm afraid I can't help you', he said. Was he aware of the existence of a report on the subject by Trend: 'None implicating Sir Roger Hollis, no'.

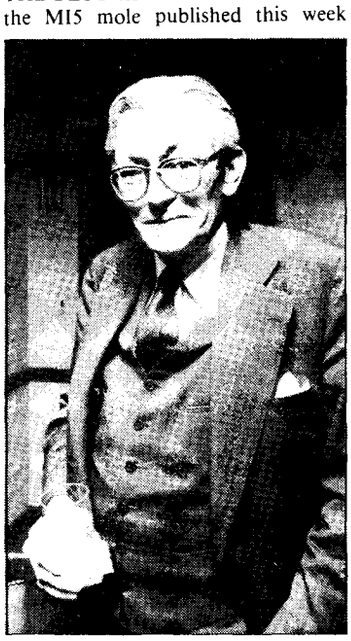
THE REVELATIONS made by Chapman Pincher and the *Daily Mail* do not amount to proof against Hollis. That may be provided, one way or the other, by the Prime Minister. However Pincher's allegations have brought out into the open the enormous split within both British and US intelligence agencies over the persistent suspicions of KGB moles. From our own investigations we can say that a substantial part of Chapman Pincher's material, which is identical with our own unpublished report, comes (in our case, indirectly) from James Jesus Angleton, the former CIA counterintelligence chief. Angleton and his favourite defector, Anatoli Golitsin, spent over a decade after Golitsin's 1963 defection purporting to identify KGB moles in Western intelligence and security services from the CIA downwards. The Angleton/Golitsin mole-spotting hunts created such friction, distrust, and mutual suspicion that many CIA officers eventually came to the view that the damage and ruin created by Angleton implicated him as the main choice for a KGB 'mole'.

Angleton's investigations were never conclusive. Most recently, he supplied spy author Andrew Boyle with the name of his alleged 'fifth man', a British physicist living in the US called Wilfred Mann. Mann has successfully repudiated the allegation.

Some critical parts of the explanation of Hollis's alleged treachery — in particular the account of how he was recruited by the KGB — are less than paper thin, and rely entirely on Angleton. Hollis was supposed to have been sexually (presumably heterosexually) compromised in the early 1930s while working for British American Tobacco in Shanghai by a particularly rough KGB recruiter.

Angleton also alleges that Hollis made determined attempts to minimise the significance of Soviet defectors, in particular the Petrovs who defected to Australia. Then, in 1963, came Angleton's prize, the defecting KGB major Anatoli Golitsin. Angleton claims that the final evidence to make Blunt confess came from Golitsin, and that he also pointed to a mole at the heart of MI5.

THE DESCRIPTION of the search for the MI5 mole published this week



James Jesus Angleton

reveals how one very senior MI5 official, whom Pincher obliquely calls 'Peters', was initially intensely watched because he was one of a very few people handling certain information believed to have leaked. Then he was cleared and suspicion inevitably fell on his boss, Hollis. This senior official was in fact the Deputy Director General, Graham Mitchell, who is still alive, living in Surrey. Although he was cleared (and inevitable suspicion generated that he was set up by Hollis as a scapegoat) he left MI5 early, retiring in 1963 at age 58.

Angleton also claims that Hollis ordered the MI5 team interrogating Blunt off the job shortly after they began getting close to receiving information on other MI5 penetrations.

Angleton was forced to resign from the CIA in 1974, when congressional enquiries revealed the illegal surveillance activities being carried out in the US by his Counterintelligence Division. Since then, he has been an erratic figure in the background of the Washington spy scene, endlessly leaking book-length accusations of moles and plants to visiting journalists.

By the end of this week (and after we go to press) Mrs Thatcher will have produced the authorised, Whitehall version of the Hollis Affair. However far she is forced to go this time there will be no getting back from what one senior intelligence official describes as a 'fantastically damaging cover-up'. There remains in MI5 a group of officials, led by one whom we have heard of only enigmatically as 'Steven', who are convinced that Hollis and everyone who arrived during his time must now be the target of the greatest purge any intelligence organisation has seen in non-revolutionary times. Many in MI5 understandably hold opinions at the opposite extreme. Outside MI5, one may well wonder why we need any of this circus anyway.

Terry O'Halloran on allegations of racism

Protests at police raid on school

STUDENTS at Archway School, North London, claim that they were physically attacked and racially abused by police who raided their school on 16 February.

So far press reports have concentrated on the official version of the raid: acting on an anonymous phone call alleging a riot and stabbing at the school, half a dozen police vehicles, including a dog van, accompanied by an ambulance descended on the school. Finding no riot at an annexe of the school the police — now accompanied by a helicopter — moved on to the main building, where a group of about 20 children were taking it in turns to ride around on a moped. Thinking the moped might be stolen the police

arrested two black fifth formers.

I have spoken to three black fifth form students present at the incident. They say they were standing around chatting when the police arrived. A group of police made for one black student who had not been riding the moped and manhandled him into a police car in handcuffs. A second fifth former went to calm down the first student, who spoke poor English. This second youth was then punched on the side of the face by a police officer and arrested.

The students to whom I have spoken say other pupils were called 'black bastards' and a white girl was told 'Listen you fucking nigger-lover, I'll have you.' In addition, the headmistress Mrs Dance confirms that staff were prevented by the police from intervening. One teacher, Mrs Biscoe, was told to mind her own business.

Police spokesmen dismiss the allegations as the work of 'political activists': over 200 of the school's 780 pupils have signed a petition protesting at the police behaviour. Mrs Dance says that the incident has 'totally destroyed good community relations'. Although charges relating to the moped have been dropped the second youth still faces the serious charge of assault.

See page 13 for a further report on the activities of the Met.

Turn to p6 for British Rail cuts; Bristol's St Paul's trial; tax avoidance in Hong Kong

ASPECTS OF CONSENSUS

National Film Theatre
Sat 4 April 10 a.m. — 9.30 p.m.

A one-day discussion of TV news and current affairs.

The range of policy options dealt with by TV news and current affairs on any significant political issue is felt by many people to be restricted to a narrow consensus. The purpose of this event is to examine whether there is in fact a consensus view underlying the perspectives used on news stories.

There will be 3 sessions:
DOES CONSENSUS EXIST?
UNEMPLOYMENT AND NUCLEAR WEAPONS
NORTHERN IRELAND

Speakers will include:
Mary Holland, Mary Kaldor, Robin McCron, Michael Tracey, David Cox.

Tickets £7.00. Unwaged £5.00 on production of student or benefit card

NFT Box Office: 01-928 3232
NATIONAL FILM THEATRE, South Bank, London SE1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNEMPLOYMENT

Maggie's missing million

According to the government 2½ million people are out of work. But according to a new survey exclusive to the *New Statesman*, the true figure should be 3½ million. PETER KELLNER shows how official figures systematically omit most unemployed women — the 'reserve army' of Britain's labour force — and reports that people without jobs may switch their political allegiance to the centre rather than to the Labour party.

A FUNNY THING happened on our way to the recession. Between June and September last year, as unemployment accelerated towards two million, the number of people with jobs in Britain declined by 345,000. Yet the number of registered unemployed rose by only 240,000.

Among men the decline in the number of jobs roughly matched the rise in official unemployment: in both cases the change was within shouting distance of 200,000. For women, however, the story is different. The government's census of employment records that the number of women in work declined by 123,000 last summer — while the number of registered unemployed rose by 60,000*. As the recession started to bite hard into jobs, only half of the women deprived of work were picked up by the unemployment statistics. The other half were not; as far as the government is concerned they disappeared from view. They were not 'unemployed' but 'economically inactive'.

It has always been known that the official unemployment figures understate the true extent of the problem, and that the number of unemployed women in particular is under-recorded. But all published official studies of this predate the present recession. Guesstimates of unregistered unemployment are, therefore, based on data collected in somewhat different economic climes. What is the present position?

1 When did you last leave a job

(figures show percentage of people available for work)

	Men	Registered Women	Unregistered Women
Within last 6 months	54	37	12
6 to 12 months ago	24	14	4
1 to 2 years ago	11	12	8
More than two years ago	9	25	75
Never had a job	2	12	1
	100	100	100

On these pages we report the findings of a survey conducted in January and February by Market & Opinion Research International (MORI). More than 4,000 people throughout Britain were interviewed. Although some of the sub-samples are small, their characteristics are very similar to published government figures, where the two are directly comparable. We therefore believe MORI's findings to be reasonably accurate. They are certainly the best available figures about what is happening now.

*These figures are taken from the February 1981 edition of Employment Gazette (HMSO, £2); they are seasonally adjusted and exclude school-leavers.

Five main conclusions emerge:

- One million people, the great majority of them women, are without jobs, available for work, and yet do not show up in the official unemployment statistics.
- When this missing million is added to the Government's figure of 2.5 million out of work, the number of unemployed women almost matches the number of unemployed men. (In the official figures jobless men outnumber jobless women by 2½ to one.)
- Three-quarters of the missing million are 'available' for work rather than actively seeking it, although almost all have had full-time jobs at some point in the past. Many are women who stopped work to have children and would now like to return to work; by the way official figures are collected, such women are almost invariably excluded from the government's definition of 'unemployed'.
- 37 per cent of Britain's workforce (nine million people) have been unemployed at some point in their working lives; more than four million of these have been unemployed at some point in the past two years.
- The Labour Party does *not* appear to be winning converts among the unemployed.

MORI'S FIGURES for unregistered unemployment — given in more detail in the chart (right) — are higher than those normally quoted. The principal existing source for unregistered unemployment is the government's General Household Survey. The latest survey, for 1979, reported that 80 per cent of unemployed people were on the register, while 20 per cent were not. On that basis, about 350,000 people in 1979 were unemployed but not on the register.

The difference between MORI's figures and those of the GHS is partly the difference between a time of moderate and high unemployment. If the 80-20 ratio were to hold, there would now be 600,000 hidden unemployed. But there are no up-to-date official surveys to show whether this is the case.

In addition there is a more fundamental difference between the two sets of figures. The GHS divides people without jobs between those 'looking for work' and those 'economically inactive'. It takes no account of those people who are *available* for work but not actively seeking jobs — say, because economic conditions are difficult, and there is little hope of getting work. MORI's survey sought to identify those actively seeking work, and also those who describe themselves as 'available'.

In a recession such people are likely to be numerous. In particular, married women who have no financial advantage to gain from registering as unemployed (because many are not entitled to unemployment benefit), and yet would take a job if work were available, are likely not to show up on *either* the official monthly unemployment figures *or* the annual GHS findings.

2 Why did you leave your last job?

(figures show percentage of people available for work)

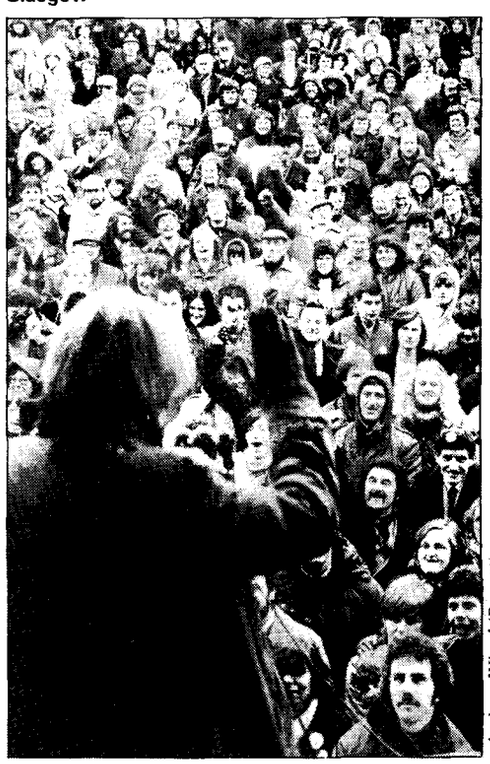
	Men	Registered Women	Unregistered Women
Made redundant/ sacked	62	49	15
Illness	6	5	11
Became pregnant	–	8	35
Voluntary	13	22	24
Other	19	16	15
	100	100	100

To estimate the number is not to provide a simple measure of hardship (although for hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of households, the income foregone is likely to matter a lot). Indeed, one of the problems of examining unemployment is that there is no one simple way of defining, let alone measuring, the phenomenon.

The Germans have a name for the 'reserve army' of people available for work but not registered as unemployed. They call them the *Stille Reserve* (silent reserve), and the Federal Institute for Labour in Nuremburg goes to elaborate lengths to estimate their number.

At present the institute reckons the *Stille Reserve* to be about 700,000, set against a figure of 1.4 million registered unemployed. In the last two years or so, the *Stille Reserve* has trebled — mainly because women have disappeared from the labour statistics as unemployment has increased. What the *Stille Reserve* measures, when added to the registered unemployed, is

Michael Foot addressing unemployment rally in Glasgow



Andrew Wiard (Report)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3 Have you ever been unemployed?

(figures show percentages of 'workforce' – i.e., those in work or available for work)

	YES	(of which unemployed at some time within past two years)	NO
ALL	37	19	63
Men	37	16	63
Women	37	22	63
AGE			
15-24	48	32	52
25-34	42	19	58
35-44	31	13	69
45-54	26	14	74
55-64	31	13	69
Class			
ABC1 (White Collar)	31	14	69
C2 (Skilled manual)	37	19	63
DE (Semi-, unskilled)	46	25	54

the extent to which West Germany is failing to employ people who would seek work in times of steady economic growth.

The first official attempt to quantify the number of women 'missing' from Britain's labour statistics is being made at the moment. A survey, *Women and Employment*, was carried out for the Department of Employment in 1979 — before the present recession — and the results will be published later this year.

Meanwhile, MORI's survey suggests that the missing million consist of 90 per cent of women, and are mostly between 25 and 54 years old. (More than half the registered unemployed are either under 25 or over 55.) Around 300,000 consist of women who gave up work to have children. One quarter of the missing million have worked within the past two years — and only three per cent have never had a full-time job. (Tables 1 and 2 give more details.)

Around 700,000 are available for part-time rather than full-time work. Typically these are mothers on the look-out for jobs from ten to three o'clock, to fit in with the school day.

TABLE THREE shows how many people have ever been unemployed. In normal times you would expect the figure to rise through the age groups: someone who has been in the labour market for 30 years will have had more time to accumulate experience of unemployment than someone who has recently left school.

Yet up to the age of 55 the opposite is the case. Half the workforce under 25 have already experienced unemployment, and most of these have been unemployed at some time in the past two years. In the 45-54 age group, just 26 per cent say they have *ever* been unemployed. It would seem that people who entered the labour market in the full-employment years after the war have remained more secure in their jobs than younger people who started work after unemployment started to rise in the mid-1960s.

As the table also shows, semi and unskilled manual workers have a significantly greater experience of unemployment than white-collar workers.

What seems to be happening is that some people are much more vulnerable to unemployment than others. When a recession comes along, the impact is very unequal: a high proportion of people who become jobless have been jobless before — but now they are jobless more frequently, and for longer. Meanwhile, a significant number of workers remain in secure employment. As table four shows, workers who have experienced unemployment before are twice as likely to think they will be unemployed within the next year or two as people who have never been unemployed — three-quarters of whom expect to stay in work.

The importance of this point relates to an argument often used by ministers, and especially Mrs Thatcher, to play down the monthly unemployment statistics. She points out that, even now, almost 300,000 people a month are leaving the unemployment register and finding work — much the same figure as in each month during the 1970s.

What is happening is that the number of people joining the register has risen to around 360,000 a month: it is the gap between the inflows and the outflows that explains the recent rise of 70,000 to 100,000 a month (after making seasonal adjustments) in the unemployment figures.

From this, it is argued, unemployment does not consist of a stagnant pool of jobless people unable to find work, but a fast-flowing stream, with hundreds of thousands of people entering and leaving the flow each month.

There is some truth in this; but it is far from the whole story. First, the government's own figures show how the stream is turning more into a stagnant pool as the recession deepens. At the end of 1973 one in two of the registered unemployed could expect to find work within a month. When the Tories came to power, the ratio was one in four. It is now one in nine.

Second, the government's flow figures show that there have been seven million new registrations of unemployed people in the past two years. According to MORI's survey, fewer than four million people (excluding unregistered women) have experienced unemployment over the same period. The explanation is that many people who join a dole queue have been there before. Even in the early 1970s, when unemployment was much lower, one study* showed that as many as one-third of newly-registered unemployed people had been unemployed *within the previous three months.*

*Details will appear in a contribution by Richard Disney to *The Economics of Unemployment in Great Britain*, edited by John Creedy, to be published shortly by Butterworth.

The picture these figures paint is at variance from the regular lists that appear in the press and on television showing new lay-offs by large companies. Such lay-offs, it cannot be denied, are happening on a scale much greater than some years ago; yet they do *not* reflect the generality of unemployment today. On the whole unemployment occurs in a large number of small units — a launderette here, a small machine-tooling company there. It is at the riskiest margins of business, where the Tory theory of the free labour market is supposed to be most nearly applicable, that unemployment is most prone to occur — rather than in the large corporations and public sector, where the unions are best organised for pay-bargaining.

FINALLY, MORI analysed the political attitudes of the unemployed. At first sight Labour and the Liberals appear to be the beneficiaries of political disenchantment among the unemployed. (The surveys predate the arrival of the Social Democratic Party.) *Including* don't knows, the voting intention among those at work was: Labour 38 per cent, Conservative 28 per cent, Liberal 13 per cent. Among the unemployed the figures were: Labour 47 per cent, Conservative 19 per cent, Liberals 17 per cent.

On closer examination, however, the rise in support for Labour can be wholly explained by the social composition of the unemployed: they are disproportionately manual workers, who are generally more likely to be Labour anyway.

4 The fear of unemployment

Q: How likely do you think it is that you personally will be unemployed at any time during the next year or two?

(figures show answers in percentages of people in work)

	Likely	Not likely	Don't know
ALL	22	69	9
Men	23	69	9
Women	20	71	10
Class:			
White-collar	15	77	8
Skilled manual	24	67	9
Semi-, unskilled manual	30	58	12
Workers who have been unemployed before	36	58	6
Workers who have never been unemployed	17	75	8

The most discernible shift is towards the Liberals. The figures involved are small, and the conclusions must be tentative. But it would seem that unemployment in itself makes only a small difference to party loyalties, and that this difference shows up as a slight tendency to prefer the centre, rather than either major party.

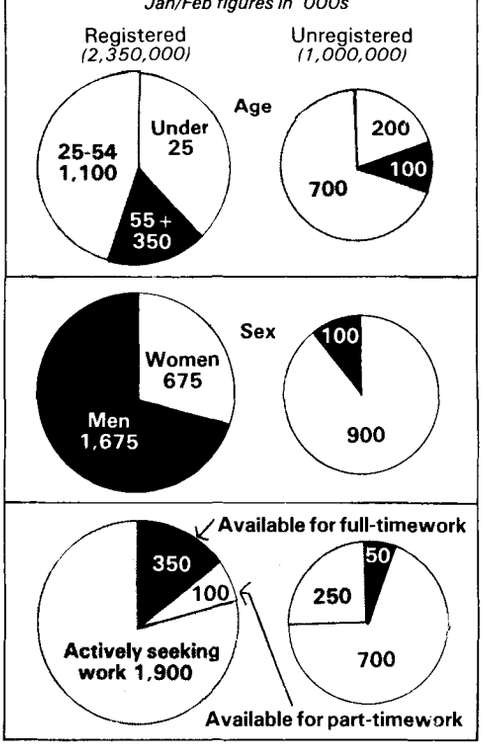
This is bad news for Labour. At a time when unemployment is soaring, the major opposition party is failing to pick up extra support among the worst victims of the government's economic policies. There are many things Labour needs to do to win the next general election; but not least among these, it must present itself as capable of restoring full employment. Looking at the unemployment record of the last Labour government, and the evidence of our poll, Labour has yet to make that breakthrough. □

NOTE: MORI's survey was conducted among an interlocking quota sample of 4062 people aged 15 and over at 160 sampling points throughout Great Britain, between 22 January and 23 February.

© MORI 1981

Who is jobless?

Jan/Feb figures in '000s



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mick Hamer on a new attack by BR hawks

Sweeping rail cuts on the way

IN A DESPERATE attempt to keep within the government's cash limit British Rail wants to close at least ten passenger services, adding up to about 60 miles of route. If the government approves, these will be the biggest rail cuts since the fag end of the Beeching cuts in the early Seventies.

In its 1981-85 corporate plan BR assumed that the passenger network would 'be almost identical with that which we have at present. A very small number of service withdrawals have been assumed, adding up to about 60 miles by 1985.' Now, to test transport minister Norman Fowler's will to close services, BR have brought all these closures forward into the first year of its corporate plan. In its last plan BR wanted to close 600 miles but when this was leaked Fowler said he could 'see no case for another round of massive cuts in railways.' It is believed that he subsequently regretted this hasty reaction.

The pressure for the closures comes from the hawks in the DTp and BR. They argue that the minor, mainly rural, passenger services do not cover their operating costs and should be closed. They claim that even after a price increase the deficit on these services would worsen by 1985. But examination of the plan shows that this 'worsening' amounts to no more than increasing the loss from £39 to £40 million.

Piecemeal, throughout the country, BR have announced the closures on the Glasgow/Kilmalcolm, March/Spalding, Sanderstead/Elmers End, Sheffield/Denbigh Dale and Clayton West/Shepley lines. In addition there are more minor closures, including Coulsdon North, New Holland Pier and Dore West and South.

The real significance of the proposals is to see how far the minister can be pushed. The last major cut in the railway system came in 1973 when 77 miles were lopped off the system. Since the 1974 Railway Act the system has increased in size by a net 24 miles. The hawks want to reverse this trend.

Crispin Aubrey on the race riot aftermath

Trial re-opens old wounds in Bristol

NINE MONTHS AGO solicitor Gareth Peirce, then representing six of the defendants in the St Paul's 'riot' trial, wrote a strongly worded letter to the Director of Public Prosecutions. In it she predicted that the charges of riotous assembly were not only 'intensely speculative' but would result in 'extended trials' and reopen old wounds in Bristol's black community. The DPP, Tony Hetherington, responded curtly that the decision had been made after lengthy consideration and would stand.

Out of 16 people originally charged, four had been shed at the committal hearing, three were dismissed half way through the trial and five more were found not guilty by the jury before the judge halted their protracted deliberations. On the remaining four, the DPP will no doubt be giving 'lengthy consideration' to the possibility of re-running a trial which was almost the longest in Bristol memory, cost an estimated £500,000 and ended in disaster.

During the last ten years there have been two other trials involving black defendants in which riotous assembly charges have failed to stick: the Mangrove restaurant and Leeds 'bonfire night' trials. The Bristol charges were brought against a background of considerable political pressure on the police to justify their retreat from the embattled St Paul's district. All the defendants at first faced lesser charges which were replaced, three months after the arrests, with offences carrying a maximum sentence of life.

The court victory has barely improved community relations in the area. The three months of hearings prevented the defendants from looking for work (five are under 18), for the last few days of the trial all were kept in police custody and some of their friends were regularly excluded from the court's public gallery because the entrance was locked.

Recently, the drivers of a black taxi firm have described repeated police stops, searches and racist abuse. On one occasion the firm's owner, Rupert Blair, had a speeding case dismissed because of inconsistent evidence; on another, a driver who complained that he'd been stopped unnecessarily was told by the police that they would 'get him for this'. 'It would appear that some policemen are trying to force me out of business,' Blair comments. Chief Constable Brian Weigh marked the ending of the trial with a well publicised call for greater public assistance against the growing petty crime wave.

Meanwhile, slow progress has been made in attacking the underlying social problems which contributed to the original 'riot' almost a year ago. A series of committees set up to link the local authorities, Home Office, Manpower Services Commission, police and community relations workers has been considering such ideas as job creation schemes, environmental improvements and a policy of multi-cultural education which would take into account the needs of black pupils. But so far virtually no funding has been forthcoming for an area that has an estimated 35 per cent male unemployment rate, few public amenities (not even a public lavatory) and is still the only education district in Avon to retain selection at 11, often to the detriment of black teenagers.

James Bartholomew on a Hong Kong conference

Tax avoidance by satellite

AT A RECENT conference in Hong Kong, investors from all over the world were treated to 'hard core' investment advice, including advice on tax havens, opening Swiss bank accounts, and guns. The conference, billed a 'World Money Analyst's investment seminar' and relayed on TV screens to a number of cities in the US, was opened by Hong Kong's Financial Secretary Sir Philip Haddon-Cave.

Richard Wengle, a Zurich attorney, told investors that one of the best ways to avoid tax and maintain 'privacy' was to be truly international, preferably not resident in any country at all. Bureaucrats, he said, 'rarely take a plane and when they do they need the approval of seven bosses'.

Michael Loftus, 'an international tax attorney', advised the audience to set up overseas trusts which in turn own companies. The choice of beneficiary could be at the discretion of the trustee. One could reserve a veto power over whom the trustee chose as beneficiary, plus the power to sack him. Watertight. Loftus was asked how to get money out of Mexico. He said the thing to do was to set up a future contract in a commodity — and lose. Meanwhile one should also be on the winning side of the same contract outside Mexico.

Advising on the importance of guns, Jesse Cornish, an American gold broker, told the story of how a man calling himself Steve bought gold from him one day, which he piled into the back of a small lorry. Steve told Cornish that he was heading a long way west. On the passenger seat Cornish noticed a .44 Magnum. Cornish told the audience with relish that this would not merely shoot a man off his horse, it would shoot the horse from under the man.

The burden of Cornish's advice was to buy physical gold and hide it. He was asked whether it was possible to take away the valuables of a close relative who had just died. 'Yeah,' he said.

'Is it illegal?' the questioner returned.

'Yeah, but who cares.'

POLAND

The day the secret police went berserk

The Western press has been full of conflicting reports of what happened last week in the Polish city of Bydgoszcz, scene of violent clashes between the security forces and Solidarity. Our correspondent, GUSTAW MOSZCZ was there; this is his report.

BYDGOSZCZ is one of Poland's largest cities, light industry being the main employer of the 350,000 people living here. It is frequently overlooked and often contemptuously referred to as provincial. The background to the 19 March event revolves around the occupation by private farmers of the city's branch of the ZSL, the Polish Peasant's Party.

This occupation began on 16 March, and is continuing, though currently overshadowed by the negotiations in Warsaw. The peasants' grievances are many, but one dominant factor concerns the exclusion of their 'individual farmers Solidarity' delegates from recent village-level elections to the KSR, which is responsible for the allocation of farm machinery, fertiliser, seed grain etc. to individual farmers.

The peasants do not believe KSR adequately represents their interest — formally it is a political organization — since often they are in conflict with KSR about economic, agricultural issues.

A MEETING of the Bydgoszcz District Council began at 10 am on 19 March. Six Solidarity delegates had been invited to discuss peasant farmer issues. On the agenda were four main points: the election of a new local district leader, discussion of the yearly budget, problems of local food distribution, and discussion of the peasant issue. The Solidarity delegates were promised at the start of the meeting that they would be given a chance to speak on the last two issues. The President of Bydgoszcz Solidarity, engineer Jan Rulewski, had prepared research on these two issues.

Andrezej Mlodezki, a member of the Council and head of its economic division, quickly called for a postponement of the meeting on the grounds that the 1981 budget was not completely drawn up and needed more discussion. The postponement of this issue was voted on and agreed, and many of the 140 or so members of the Council then left the conference hall. The Council Praesidium apparently rushed from the meeting.

Many of the Council members and the Solidarity delegates were confused as to what this meant — was the whole agenda being postponed? If so, until when? At this point Rulewski accused the Praesidium of manipulating the meeting; the 45 remaining Council members and the 35 Solidarity members formed a fresh meeting. Together they constructed a written communiqué calling for an immediate resumption of the session of the full Council to discuss those matters remaining — that is, the most important issues.

The head of the Council, Berger, and the two vice-leaders of the District, Przybylski and Bak, reappeared in the room, and tried to persuade the Council members to leave, finally asking them to withdraw to another room in the building. By this time, at about 7 pm Milicja (police) were assembling in the neighbourhood. Rulewski appealed to the Council officials not to leave as the meeting would soon be over. But the officials left, returning almost immediately as the room was quickly occupied with some 150 Milicja

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dressed in field uniforms, with plainclothes SB secret police present. The local prosecutor arrived and told the Solidarity delegates to leave or the Milicja would be instructed to eject them.

The Council members asked for 15 minutes to complete the communiqé and this was granted. The police left the room and further discussions took place. The document was finished, signed, and read aloud. Meanwhile the police were re-entering the room in twos and threes. Rulewski asked for just a moment to decide one remaining point, but the local prosecutor and the police major gave orders to remove the Solidarity delegates. At this point it is clear that the authorities on the spot either sought violent intervention or simply lost their nerve.

THE SOLIDARITY delegates withdrew to a corner of the room, and formed a circle of linked arms, with women inside the circle. The Milicja dragged individuals from the circle, took them downstairs, beating some of them up, and dumped them outside the building.

The uniformed police were not heavily involved in the assault, but the SB *were* deliberately kicking and beating people, especially Rulewski. One young policeman was described as obviously crying while he watched the beating. The Solidarity members sang the national anthem as they were dragged off.

Three Solidarity members are still in hospital; Rulewski himself, a man named Labedowicz, and a 67 year old farmer, Barcoszcze, who had a heart attack and brain concussion and is not expected to survive. Photos of the three have been displayed in local shops, showing how they looked after the attack.

The policy of the Praesidium of the Council was clearly to foreclose the meeting as rapidly as possible. It was perhaps a tactical error by Solidarity to remain in the building after being ordered out, since legally this placed them in the wrong, but also clearly Rulewski was singled out, as an especially vociferous Solidarity militant, for special treatment.

On Friday 20 March there was a two hour strike in Bydgoszcz. On Saturday the 21st several thousand people paraded in town shouting 'MO Gestapo', a reference to the police. On Saturday there also appeared on Polish TV the three District council officials, Bak, Mlodezki and Przybylski who attempted to justify their actions; but their version of what happened, merely enraged local feelings through its obvious distortions. In Warsaw, tram drivers were assaulted by the police when they tried to prevent the removal of protest posters caricaturing the police.

IT IS HARD to tell whether this incident reflects a change in government tactics at the highest level or if it is just a local blunder. It is established that security reinforcements have been in the Bydgoszcz district since 16 March on mobilisation alert and security forces have recently been active in checking student files.

Since such a heavy force was obviously ready for deployment it seems likely that Bydgoszcz, a traditionally loyal party city, centrally placed among easily accessible security forces from all round Poland, and a relatively weak link in Solidarity's chain of militant industrial activism, has been chosen as a site for a show-down. The previous Bydgoszcz city head, Lehman, lost his job ten days ago after charges of corruption were proved against him and one view is that this aggressive action is an attempt at a local level to distract the attention from other such cases. Recently Party members have been instructed not to join strike action, or to assist strike moves.

One thing is strikingly clear. People in Bydgoszcz have never been so intensely aware of the possibility of Soviet-backed intervention as now. With the news of a token strike on 27 March and an indefinite strike to follow from the 31st, it seems that Lech Walesa's gradulist section of Solidarity may have been defeated. The militant wing is bringing the utmost pressure to bear on the discussions in Warsaw between Deputy Prime Minister Rakowski and Solidarity's central committee. Poland is on the brink of its most serious threat of social collapse; if Solidarity becomes split into factions, then the Soviet view that various elements among Solidarity are working for social chaos will have credence, though not accuracy. □

MULTINATIONALS

Anatomy of a defeat

PATRICK WINTOUR reveals why Peugeot abandoned Linwood

IN 1978, at the time of the take-over of Chrysler Europe, Jean-Paul Parayre, President of Peugeot-Citroen-Talbot remarked: 'We are in an industry that is pitiless and remorseless to the weak'. Clydeside would hardly beg to differ. Of all the plants in his giant car combine Jean-Paul has selected Linwood in West Glasgow for closure. On 22 May 4,700 extra workers will be put onto the dole queues in towns like Paisley and Johnstone — local unemployment will reach well over one in four. In some places, such as the one time village of Linwood itself, it will reach 40 per cent. Already on some of Glasgow's worst housing estates such as Ferguslie Park, which backs onto the car plant, whole streets don't work, barrack-like housing is heavily vandalised and it's not entirely a joke when kids wear badges with the advice: 'Buy now —while shops last'.

It all makes a ghastly contrast with the original hopes for the plant:

> The factory will be a possible growth centre of immense importance to the whole Clyde Valley and in the social field is set to contribute to curing the cancer of Glasgow's housing.

So wrote Norman Buchan, the local MP, in the NS in December 1964, of many people's hopes a year after the Rootes firm had been persuaded north. Since then the battle to bring that prophecy true has been waged and lost.

THE MOST crushing defeat was a week ago on Wednesday when the Linwood workforce, by a 2-1 majority, rejected their shop stewards' advice to fight the closure. The Scottish TUC were dismayed: well before the 90 day redundancy notices went out the stewards had been preparing to fight the closure.

The workforce's decision came only a week after 200 senior stewards from throughout west Scotland had met in a bingo hall in Partick Glasgow to pledge Clydeside's support for the fight to keep Linwood open. It was the climax of a campaign that began on 11 February when Peugeot said it intended to close Linwood.

Against a background of gold tinsel, roulette wheels and garish signs promising big money prizes the stewards of Govan, Rolls Royce, the docks and the railways evoked the memory of UCS and offered their money and muscle to keep Linwood from closing. Sammy Barr of the local CSEU offered a £1,000 cheque as initial support from the UCS fighting fund. Hugh Wyper of the Scottish Transport Union predicted that if Linwood closed there would be little or no car industry in Britain in five year's time: Linwood was the right issue on which to stand and fight Thatcherism. Jimmy Livingstone, the TGWU convenor at Linwood concluded the meeting with a reference to the 50,000 strong Glasgow unemployment march and an admission that if Linwood closed 'no one would be able to blame a lack of solidarity in the trade union movement'.

In what would have been the first major test the Tories Employment Act all Peugeot-Citroen cars and components would have been blacked on the docks, roads and the trains. The plan had the support of the French union CGT, partly because the action would have hit Peugeot's internal transport company GEFCO in which the Peugeot brothers and Parayre have a large shareholding and which has been used to cream off profits from the main company.

Linwood's TGWU convenor Jimmy Livingstone (right) with AUEW convenor Ronnie Rigby

Yet in the event the campaign to keep Linwood open collapsed. Why?

FOR THE BULK of the workforce the original decision on whether to fight the closure depended on their confidence: whether they thought they could win. As one stewart said:

> Ever since our decision to accept the Chrysler rescue deal in 1976 and the redundancies and the inadequate investment that went with it, we have been on the defensive. Few people here have any experience of winning.

Self-confidence was hardly heightened by the decision of the Labour-controlled Renfrewshire district council in the week of the closure announcement to put up council rents by 55 per cent. The Labour councillors had been elected on a manifesto of being 'a cushion' against the Tories but as soon as their budget was cut by Heseltine the council had caved in. The rent increase announcement was followed the day after by a decision, now rescinded, to give the councillors interest free car loans. Their behaviour bitterly alienated them from the stewards, many of whom were active in tenants' group meetings, and led to an increase in political cynicism. The impact of a rousing speech by Michael Foot promising help to Linwood was lessened by Foot's refusal to answer questions about the rent increases.

WITH THE TALBOT showrooms full of cars, the stewards realised that industrial action would have to begin quickly if it was to have an impact before the planned closure date. But the company had prepared a hearts and minds campaign of its own. It wanted a smooth close-down for three reasons. First, a fight might force them to increase their redundancy offer, already costing £10 million. Second, bad publicity from, for example, a factory occupation would damage sales: BL's experience has been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that customers do not like troubled companies. Third, Peugeot wanted to move £10 million of Linwood's machinery to their Ryton, Coventry plant and use it in the assembly of the Horizon model, which they are considering transferring from France.

For over a year the company had been telling the workforce that, although it had achieved 97 per cent of its production target, the plant was still not viable. When the closure was announced the redundancy payments — worth £4,000 for a man with 12 years' service — were explicitly linked to guarantees of a smooth shut-down: 'misbehaviour' could cost about £2,000 of the company's ex-gratia payment. The day before the Wednesday meeting letters were sent out reiterating this position and posters went up assuring people that social security payments would be made promptly after the shut-down.

Some workers believed that even their statutory minimum redundancy would be at risk if they occupied the factory. Half-digested stories of a local factory in Johnstone where money had been lost because they had been in dispute were circulating. Similarly, those who wanted the redundancy money cited the example of Birmetals in Birmingham, where 700 employees were denied redundancy money and social security for six months by the insurance officer because they were adjudged to be in a trade dispute. Quite apart from the fact that the chief National Insurance Commissioner eventually overturned the local insurance officer's decision the details of the Birmetals case were quite different from those at Linwood. But, rightly or wrongly, the story did have an impact, especially on the more long serving workers. More recent employees, receiving little statutory redundancy money, were specially dependent on maintaining the good will of the company.

Similarly, the factory was rife with rumours of disputes between the stewards combine that covered all Talbot's UK plant. There was talk that the other plants would not support Linwood, that Jimmy Livingstone had resigned, that the shop stewards committee had resigned. None of it was true — many thought the company was responsible for the disinformation.

To keep the plant open and combat this mood of despondency a senior official explained: 'we had to do one of three things. We had to shift the French government, the British government or the company.' Since May the French have been complaining about the penetration of Japanese into Europe. They were particularly unhappy about the British decision to welcome Nissan-Datsun into Britain since at least half of their 200,000 output would be directed at French and Italian markets. It was hoped the French government might ask the British why they were closing down one factory and opening up another larger one aimed at the continent. In the end the French did not respond.

The Scottish Office, in the form of Sir George Younger, showed little interest. For instance one letter concerning Linwood from Scottish TUC general secretary Jimmy Milne, sent to Younger on 23 February, did not apparently warrant a reply until 13 March. The UK government *could* have done something. The government had lent the company £28 million on terms which made it possible for the government to press for early repayment. Peugeot was also looking for investment grants to bring the Horizon to Britain. But the Tories did not act. Jean-Paul Parayre and Peugeot did not respond either. A series of telexes from Strathclyde Regional Council went unanswered. The nearest the stewards got to contact with the real powerbroker in Peugeot was when a dozen of them went to the company's giant offices in Avenue de la Grand Armee in Paris, closed down their main showroom for two hours (which ironically had a Linwood-built car, the Sunbeam, as its main promotion) and extracted the information from the head of security that Jean-Paul was unable to see them because he had not received their letter asking for an appointment. In the end the French special branch moved the stewards on.

IF THE STEWARDS had ever been ushered into Jean-Paul's offices they would have had a difficult argument on their hands. From Peugeot's viewpoint with over-capacity of nearly 600,000 cars, Linwood — which has cost the company £30m in 1980 — was the obvious candidate for closure. A new model — a smaller car — would cost £100m to get into production.

Apart from lacking an engine building facility, for which land was marked out, Linwood is

a self-contained car plant. A toolroom, press shop, paint, assembly and trim shops as well as foundry are spread over the 460 acre site. As such, the plant does not fit into the modern pattern of plants producing large numbers of single components with great economies of scale, for assembly world-wide. Peugeot's real interest in Chrysler was its dealerships. From the beginning of this year all 500 Talbot dealers in the UK have had to stock Peugeot cars. This should mean a large increase in Peugeot imports and indeed Peugeot had already received planning permission on Humberside to develop a large importing facility.

This kind of consideration made one Talbot UK director admit: 'Many managers thought they would resign rather than see Linwood go but the more they looked at it, the more difficult it was to justify it open.' One director, union leader Roy Grantham, did resign.

Ever since the takeover of Chrysler Europe by Peugeot-Citroen, Linwood has looked a prime candidate for closure, as it was not even integrated into Talbot, let alone the whole of the European group. Furthermore, Peugeot has been under intense pressure in its traditional French market. Last month French sales were down 17 per cent on last year, with foreign cars taking a larger share. Export markets were also under pressure.

In 1979 Peugeot, Citroen and Talbot took 43 per cent of the French car market and Renault 35 per cent. Last year the tables were reversed with Peugeot cornering only 37 per cent and Renault 40.5 per cent. Despite Japanese imports Peugeot's greatest problem has been the collapse of Talbot France. In 1976 213,000 Talbot cars were sold in France, last year it was 120,000. Its overall market share in France has fallen from 10.7 per cent in 1978 to 6.4 per cent in 1980. Losses in 1979 were Fr426m; they should be Fr 900m in 1980.

At Talbot Poissy, where half of the workforce are immigrants, workers are being offered departure bonuses to leave the country. Short-time working is increasing throughout the combine and the overall loss for the Peugeot group in 1980 may be as high as £180 million — the first for years. Overall, 15-20,000 jobs were lost in the combine last year.

Last September Peugeot took steps to stop the crisis — reducing investment plans by a third and merging Talbot's and Peugeot's sales and components network — a move completely counter to the ideas promoted at the time of the merger. Like all car companies Peugeot is looking for other link-ups — with Fiat, to produce an engine, with Chrysler in the US and with Mercedes. New component manufacture is being concentrated in France.

Talbot's British factories have been making losses since 1973: last year Peugeot had to give Talbot substantial assets to save it from bankruptcy. Talbot's more recent models, the Alpine and Solara, have failed to win UK markets. Of the two models produced at Linwood, the Avenger was launched in 1970 and the Sunbeam in 1977 as a cheap development of the Avenger exclusive to the UK. Last year Linwood produced only 50,000 vehicles — a third of capacity. With the exchange rate so high it was impossible to sell the Sunbeam in Europe. Although the Sunbeam was Talbot's best selling car in the UK, it was competing in markets set aside for the more heavily promoted Horizon and thus had to go.

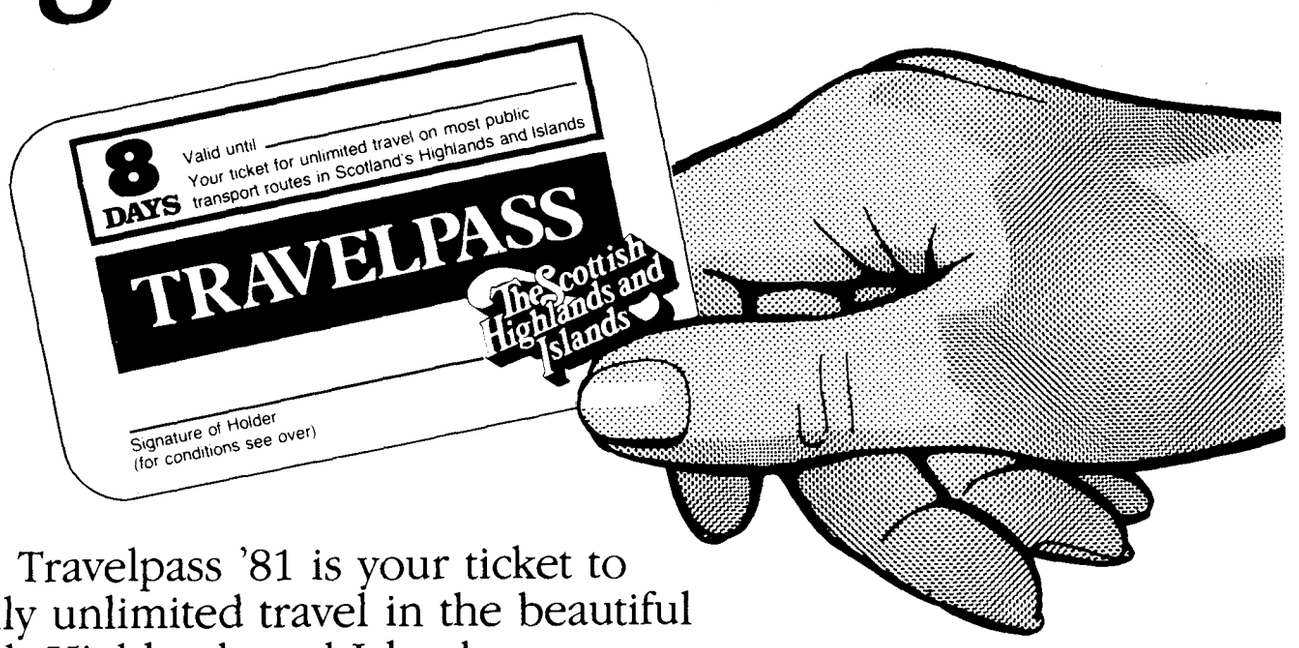
The Linwood workforce has been the recipient of a string of false promises, the most recent of which has been Peugeot's promise on the 1978 takeover

> that future model programmes would take particular account of the need to replace the Avenger and Sunbeam cars at Linwood with models which offer the clear prospect of using the capacity of this plant to the fullest possible extent.

Similar promises were made at the time of the Chrysler take-over of Rootes in 1967 and at the time of the Chrysler rescue in 1976. It never received the promised UK version of the Chrysler 180; new press machinery went to Argentina; the Chrysler Alpine was produced in France instead of Linwood, as promised, and then moved to the Midlands. Even when old models did come to Linwood terrible management mistakes were made in readjusting the transferred machinery, which led to production faults and delays — the most notorious of which was the Avenger roof and window not joining properly. When such mistakes did occur or a strike threatened the stewards often found it difficult to negotiate through the morass of a multinational's powerstructure. The planning agreement between government, the unions and Chrysler — which Peugeot quickly abandoned — did little to wrest decision-making on investment from the hands of the company. That failure is now being paid for dearly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All you need to tour Scotland's Highlands and Islands


8 DAYS
Valid until
Your ticket for unlimited travel on most public transport routes in Scotland's Highlands and Islands
TRAVELPASS
The Scottish Highlands and Islands
Signature of Holder
(for conditions see over)

Travelpass '81 is your ticket to virtually unlimited travel in the beautiful Scottish Highlands and Islands.

It takes you over most rail, bus and ferry routes, as far as you like, as often as you like. It covers travel on the remarkable Highland Postbus Service, where local mail minibuses carry passengers on many regular journeys.

What's more, you can start your holiday in Glasgow or Edinburgh – because Travelpass '81 also covers journeys between the area and those major centres.

So plan your own Highland exploration, to far islands, high mountains, busy ports, quiet crofting villages.

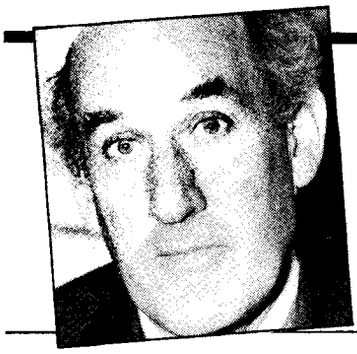
From £43 for 8 days

From 1st June to 30th September Travelpass '81 costs just £61 for 8 days, £74 for 12. In March, April, May and October it's even better value – £43 for 8 days, £51 for 12. It's a travel bargain! Now all you need to do is send the coupon for full details and order form, to Highlands and Islands, Main Street, Golspie, Scotland.

Please send Travelpass '81 details and order form. NSt. 1.
BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....
Post to Highlands and Islands, Main Street, Golspie, Scotland.

The Scottish Highlands and Islands

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ANTHONY SAMPSON

Why I am a Social Democrat

IT MIGHT BE simpler to put the question the other way round: why *not* be a Social Democrat? Why, if there is a group of exceptional leaders who support almost every policy you agree with, in contrast to the two main parties, should you not support them?

The case for staying in the Labour Party was argued in a moving and fair-minded article by Phillip Whitehead in this journal three weeks ago. He agreed that many people apart from the Gang of Four had done their bit to break up the Labour Coalition. But he complained that the Social Democrats could help to keep Mrs Thatcher in power for a generation; that they would get lost in the morass of the middle ground, seduced by 'the most skilful plutocracy in Europe'; that they would soon have to justify themselves by attacking the workers and the unions; and that 'those of us who stay have the last chance to rebuild the Labour Party as a mass party of democratic socialism . . .'

From a dedicated MP this concern with Labour loyalty is convincing enough; and none of the Gang can be accused of being hasty in their departure. But the ordinary voter must come to a point when he can no longer regard his party as a church or a nation, which he feels compelled to defend whatever its shortcomings. In the end he must look for individuals who agree with his principles and attitudes; and if they have a real chance of coming into power, he has a duty to support them.

On the policies I have very few doubts. For me, the strongest argument for supporting the Social Democrats is that they are the most internationalist party — at a time when internationalism is not popular, but essential to our survival. In their concern for the Third World the social democrats have much the most impressive record.

Having worked as editorial adviser for the Brandt Report, I was disappointed by the lack of support from the Labour Party, who were clearly inhibited by trades union pressure for protection. Shirley Williams on the other hand has given unambiguous support to the arguments for a massive transfer of resources, backed by eventual international taxation; and Roy Jenkins was boldly arguing for reform of the world economic system before the Brandt Report was published.

To me, these are the really radical and difficult policies, involving the re-thinking of world relationships. That they are not popular makes it more creditable for the Social Democrats to support them.

Europe is the other equally difficult element in this internationalism. Nowadays there are all kinds of ways that people can be pro- or anti-European: even the nuclear disarmers are becoming Europeans in seeking allies on the continent. It is quite compatible to be (as I am) very critical of the Brussels bureaucracy and the agricultural policy while believing that Britain must remain committed to the European Community, and that (as the Limehouse Declaration insists) it is only within the Community that we can effectively grapple with our own problems, as well as Third World poverty.

BUT THE Social Democrats are also, I believe, thinking more seriously than others about unemployment at home: and this does not contradict their international interests. Nearly all the evidence shows that freer trade with the Third World, while it leads to short-term loss of jobs in some regions, provides more jobs in the long run by providing new markets abroad (as the Indonesians neatly proved to us last year; when we wouldn't let in their cheap jeans, they cancelled a huge British construction project).

The real problems of unemployment will not be solved by shutting out competitors, but by restructuring industry, encouraging small businesses, and creating new youth opportunities. Shirley Williams has given much more thought to this than most union leaders, who all too easily get locked in a kind of dying embrace with the captains of industry; in her forthcoming book, *Politics is for People,* she points to the key role of small enterprises in America in creating new jobs, and how sensible apprenticeship schemes can provide new skills and hence jobs for the young, as Germany has shown.

The fact that she has looked at the problem of unemployment in an international perspective makes her recommendations far more convincing. So long as Britain remains part of the world trading scene, she will not solve her problems in insularity.

Of course it is easy enough for a new party to attract supporters before it has formed a precise policy, particularly when both big parties are so unpopular. But it is unwise for any intelligent voter — let alone the *New Statesman* — to take this objection too far. For no-one can pretend that the problems of constructing policies can be solved with a quick manifesto.

A chief attraction of the new party is that it is determined to think through new solutions on a more radical basis than the Labour Party. It is hardly surprising, as the *New Statesman* reports, that Fabians have been defecting to the new party: for this is where the most interesting new ideas are likely to emerge. But they should not expect easy solutions.

Take the critical question of decentralisation. The *New Statesman* has made good fun of the fact that the Social Democrats are not agreed; that when Dick Taverne argued for decentralising the school system, Shirley Williams warned that decentralised state schools in America show huge differences in standards. But working out fair policies for decentralisation, which can combine closer participation with broad direction, is a dilemma for the Left everywhere. Ever since the Jacobins radical change has been associated with centralisation.

The problem will not be solved by a stroke of the pen. But the debate itself is part of the solution: for effective decentralising will depend on people outside the capital becoming much more active, critical and politically aware. The response to the new party, which has generated so much new discussion all over the country, is itself a very encouraging sign.

THE MOST fashionable objections to joining the Social Democrats are that they are the party of middle-class intellectuals, or the media party, or full of people we would rather not be seen with. Of course in this honeymoon stage the party will include all kinds of oddballs and undesirable allies; they will be scared away soon enough when they see the real direction.

But it is absurd to attack it because it attracts the media. Any party which puts forward new ideas depends critically on communicating directly with its voters, and by-passing the old structures. If we are at last becoming a less class-ridden country — and the polls suggest a striking spectrum of support among all classes for the social democrats — then the media will become far more important, as they are in America, as the means of projecting leadership.

Behind the organisation of the new party there is a very simple basic approach; that four politicians who are well-known and well-tested are offering themselves through the media as alternative leaders, without the dead wood and clutter of antique party structures.

Of course any radical voter is right to be wary of any party with middle-class attitudes, and no party has yet managed to escape the bear-hug of Oxbridge. My own objection to middle-class Labour leadership in the past — particularly Wilson's first cabinet of Oxford dons — was that they were much too secluded and protected; that too little had *happened* to them and they easily lost touch with their followers.

But the Gang of Four have been through their own ordeals in the battle-ground and the very fact of their party is a sign of political courage. They are forced to go out to their followers; and the Gallup Poll two weeks ago suggested (contrary to Peter Kellner's findings in last week's *New Statesman*) that the opinions of their supporters were much closer to their leaders' than in the other parties.

To equate class background with political policies is anyway a misleading game: Shirley Williams, for instance, has a much more critical view of the City of London than Harold Wilson, and Labour governments have not exactly been impervious to the 'most skilful plutocracy in Europe'.

So why not support the Social Democrats? Of course if you don't believe in parliamentary democracy, it is not the party for you. If you believe that British industry should be heavily protected, that there is such a thing as a workable 'socialist car industry', or that Britain could and should opt out of NATO, then you should keep away; though you cannot plausibly continue to attack social democracy without giving some constructive picture of what you would put in its place.

But if, like me, you do believe in a fairer deal for the Third World and reform of the world economic system; in a restructuring of British industry with much more positive employment policies but without more protection; and in a party that is free of trades union pressures which are all too often against their own workers' long-term interests; then I still can't see the argument for not joining the party which supports those policies.

Last but not least, the Social Democrats may help the Labour Party to reform itself, and to come round discreetly to the policies on which we openly insist. So that whether the new party wins or loses, it will still have performed a critical service. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICS

Britain out of Europe: vote SDP

Who are the grass-roots of the Social Democratic Party, and what do they believe in? BRUCE PAGE analyzes the birth of the first SDP election machine as it prepares for battle.

WHEN GRASSROOTS are endangered, the most wizened, weed-strewn areas will naturally suffer first. Thus, no surprise that the first place where Labour's national organisation should appear to wilt under Social Democracy's impact should be — North Islington.

The local party was suspended in the thirties, and again in the fifties. Scarcely a year of its life has passed without allegations of vote-fraud, membership fabrication, unlawful expulsion or some lesser brand of unfraternal skulduggery.

Last week, while the mighty media-gale of this week's national launch remained a gathering breeze, six borough councillors from North Islington abandoned Labour to form the nation's first group of municipal Social Democrats — with a determination to add unto themselves by fighting against their local ex-comrades in the Greater London Council (GLC) elections six weeks away. 'At grass-roots level', thought Ian Aitken of the *Guardian*, 'it may be that the Islington defections will have an even greater impact on rank-and-file members than the defection of Mr Edward Lyons' (the ex-Labour MP who shared that dav's coverage with them).

Certainly the Gang of Six could be significant beyond any Westminster luminaries — for the new party's credibility must turn, some day, upon its ability to generate local organisation. And in any case, perceptions about the proper relationship between a party and its roots are basic to the case which the Social Democrats wish to advance.

The Six make a classic argument: the Labour Party that I/we joined 10/20/30 years ago has ceased to be the party of ordinary voters, and become the plaything of unrepresentative extremists. And the loyalists produce the classic counter: these Social Democrats are just errant Tories, and their departure relieves Labour of a stifling, parasitic growth.

COUNCILLOR PAT SHEERAN is a chunky, approachable character who used to be a bouncer at the Gresham Ballroom in the Holloway Road, and today is its general manager. To paint him as a crypto-Tory is grotesquely inaccurate: that kind of Irish accent wouldn't have produced a hurrah for Ted Heath, let along Margaret Thatcher. But, at the same time, you would have to travel far to discover anyone less akin to Roy Jenkins, whose banner he will be supporting in the GLC elections.

And his terminal dispute with the Labour group on the borough council took place on ground that neither Mr Jenkins nor Mrs Shirley Williams would have been very likely to adopt as their own. Oddly enough, the further left of the Labour movement — though not its centre and its right — would have approved of his position. Cllr Sheeran is wholly and indelibly opposed to any increases in rents for council housing.

This is also the firm position of the other five Social Democratic councillors: Jim Evans, the current Mayor of Islington, his wife Rose Evans, John Barnes, Phyllis Kershaw, and Harry Read (a former mayor). They represent the traditional Labour vote in its plainest economic form — Mrs Kershaw, labelled by the local press as the 'Playground Mum', entered politics specifically as a campaigner for council-estate facilities — and if that is the same as being close to 'ordinary people', theirs is the strongest case to offer.

The 'Gang of Six': from left to right: Harry Reid, John Barnes, Jim Evans, Phyllis Kershaw, Pat Sheerham and Rose Evans

Joe Bulaitis

But a blunt refusal to entertain rent increases — whether the scale be local or national, and whatever compensations you make for Thatcherism — can only be financed by heroic fiscal redistributions, and ones considerably greater than the 22 per cent rate rise that Islington decided on this year. Official Labour, in almost all its manifestations, has recoiled from any such proposition, and the reason is that it could strip away much of its owner-occupier support by doing so.

To be sure, the policy of the Social Democratic Party remains to be made. But it is not likely to be less tender to owner-occupiers than Labour has chosen to be.

THREE LABOUR constituency parties operate in Islington, where lately the borough council has had only a pair of lonesome Tories by way of official opposition. Therefore, the classic inner-city process has applied — whereby all real political conflict, conducted with only minimal reference to the voters, occurs inside a Labour structure which has been grotesquely extended to accommodate every possible political viewpoint, from Ratepayers' Gothic to Playleader Insurrectionary.

Reach-me-down mass-media reporting implies that Labour's internal state would be tranquil but for the recent entrance into the party of revolutionaries whose aims are quite alien to Labour's traditional ideals of democratic egalitarianism. But Islington is a good case of the much more complex reality, in which 'entryism' is as much a phenomenon of the right, or even the extreme right — whose members are quite as capable as any Leninist tactician of seeing that in working-class territory there is little point in presenting oneself under any electoral banner other than that of Labour.

Local history encapsulates the point. Islington during the sixties was controlled — in Labour's name — by ratepayer-conservatives of such inflexibility that Richard Crossman, from ministerial level, was obliged to step in and gee-up a housing programme. In 1968, Labour's national discredit caused a freakish local takeover by the real Conservatives, whose political and social attitudes appeared by contrast quite Jacobin. Such things were done as opening council committee meetings to the public.

Renascent Labour during the past decade has been ritually presented in the national media as a municipal locus of spendthrift leftism: in reality, it has presented a richly-assorted mulch of attitudes. This week the Labour social-services chieftain summoned a dozen cops to eject the public from her committee's proceedings: her grounds were that sardonic clapping constituted a 'disturbance'; one of the riotous assembly was a man in a wheelchair who served until recently as a member of the committee. Down the corridor, another doughty socialist a local antique-dealer whose sympathies embrace the National Association for Freedom — was having some bereaved citizens ejected from the public-services committee because she thought their critique of the cemetery adminis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tration insufficiently demure.

All this is explicable, if not heart-warming. What no-one can quite explain is the special ferocity of North Islington (as against South or Central) such as to produce the nation's first separation-phenomenon — except to say that, like *la violencia* in parts of Latin America, it has lasted too long to remember how it began.

It was, anyway, in full display by last weekend, when the left's field-intelligence mounted photo-surveillance over the home of the party's ex-secretary — who had resigned on Saturday — in case people arriving for Sunday drinks might be the first manifest coven of Social Democrats. The Leader of the Council, Gerry Southgate, comes from North, and has sought to maintain some voting-alliance with the breakaways, because without it the borough's elaborate power-broking structure might utterly collapse, engulfing him in its debris: he now asserts, probably correctly, that his personal dustbin is regularly searched for compromising documents.

AT GRASSROOTS LEVEL, there are few parts of the country where organised purity (Labour) will be confronted by freewheeling eclecticism (Social Democracy): Labour is already such a mix-up that only booze and tolerance keep it assembled. Whatever reserves may be available elsewhere, the second commodity is absent in North Islington.

Boiling down a lot of history, the General Management Committee has been roughly 100-strong for the past twelve months, about evenly split between the left and the right. Very approximately, left-wing in that part of the world means you are more likely to be youngish, and work as a public-sector professional, or in a voluntary agency: right means you are more likely to be middle-aged, have manual or clerical work, and be connected with the Catholic church.

A year ago arose the issue of who was to have the party's single, much-coveted nomination for election to the Greater London Council. The left's candidate was Steve Bundred, once a ministerial adviser, and now a researcher for the NUM: the right, having a majority on the executive committee which draws up the slate, did not even present his name to the selection-meeting of the GMC. How could you do that to someone in possession of numerous ward-nominations? Well, back in 1978 Bundred had insulted Cllr Jim Evans so diabolically that he had been removed from the borough nomination-list . . .

On ballot-night, the left found itself with a wafer-thin GMC majority and tossed out the whole edited slate. Warfare subsequently became general, and Labour's Regional Executive eventually decided that North Islington was unlikely to produce an agreed candidate in time.

Some observers claim that rupture might have been avoided if the Executive had 'bussed-in' an emollient carpet-bagger. Bundred, however, had received more votes than anyone else, and Labour's high-command has been long-resolved against any searching examination of just what such a statement means. North Islington was therefore informed that Bundred was their man — which caused a degree of commotion at the first GMC meeting after the Executive's decision.

Steve Bundred didn't choose the moment to be conciliatory. 'You people at the back', he said, rising to address the defeated right across the committee-room's territorial divide, 'are nothing but a lot of dirty slobs'. The remark was carefully minuted.

Michael O'Halloran

From there to this month's AGM, abandoned when the ballots wouldn't tally, was a process as natural as downhill water. The left, with formal rectitude, recommenced the AGM last Saturday afternoon, at a moment of supreme tactical difficulty for the right's transport workers. The secretary sent in his resignation and a list of 23 apologies, whereat the left cruised to victory, with a feeling slightly akin to that experienced by Napolean in front of Moscow.

ALL THIS, dovetailing neatly with a bitter row over council rents, and growing national publicity for the Social Democrats, was enough to bring a new grassroots entity into being. The *Guardian*'s estimate of its significance was no doubt based on the proposition that the phenomenon will occur in many other places where Labour's cohesion has been eroded.

But what this case-study suggests is that such a process of breakdown will be significant chiefly because of the political randomness it will engender: to use analogy, Labour is vulnerable to breakdown precisely because the elements in its mixture have undergone little or no process of chemical bonding.

Jim Evans himself doesn't disguise the problem. Not only do he and his group take a much sterner law'n'order line than the civil-libertarians who have been attracted to Social Democracy: he admits that he doesn't like the Common Market, and that most of the national figures do. 'I would hope', he says, 'that Dr Owen is prepared to be flexible'.

It would, even so, be quite a score for the Social Democrats to beat the official Labour candidate in North Islington. But there's another irony to hand. Their chances will be highest if the local Labour MP, Michael O'Halloran, doesn't endorse the left-winger: and indeed he might balk at the prospect.

Michael O'Halloran won the seat, and his impressive local position, on the basis of some outrageously dubious — indeed, sometimes non-existent — union votes. (Labour's leadership, back in the sixties, shirked the inquiry issue.) How suitable would it be for the Social Democrats to owe their first grassroots triumph to the aid of a power which they are pledged above all others to destroy?

There is, though, one sense in which the long-polluted political air of North Islington has been suddenly improved — however much battle-smoke persists. For the first time in many years, no-one is assuming that the votes of working-class Labour supporters can be taken for granted — that events outside the party could be as important as the power-struggles inside it — and the result, just possibly, might be a political movement with some degree of coherence.

THE PRICE-BEATER

Special U.K. Subscription Offer

17 weeks for £7.50

Soon, rising costs will force up the NEW STATESMAN's price in U.K. newsagents to 50p. But this offer brings the NEW STATESMAN to your door and saves you £1 over four months.

Although our circulation continues to rise, it's still difficult to find the NEW STATESMAN in many newsagents. With a subscription, you can make sure of your copy every week. (If you don't wish to take up this offer, please make sure to have a FIRM ORDER with your newsagent.)

At a time of massive press take-overs, we believe that our independence is more valuable than ever.

You know, too, that the NEW STATESMAN is where the national press and TV find some of their most important stories. You can continue to get the news *first* — and get it *straight* — with a subscription to THE PAPER THAT MAKES THE HEADLINES.

This offer is for a LIMITED PERIOD ONLY because, before long, we'll have to pay more postage on subscription copies! So send the coupon off TODAY.

To **NEW STATESMAN, Freepost, London WC1V 7XD** (no stamp needed)

Please send me the NEW STATESMAN for 17 weeks. I enclose cheque/postal order for £7.50.

NAME.....

ADDRESS (UK only).....

.....

.....

NS/1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLICE

Routine racism of the Met

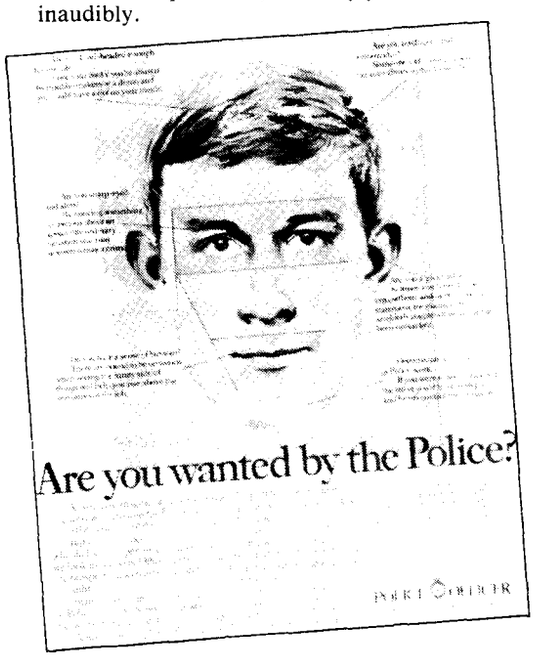
BOB FORDE, until recently a senior research officer at the Home Office, describes the police violence and racial abuse he observed.

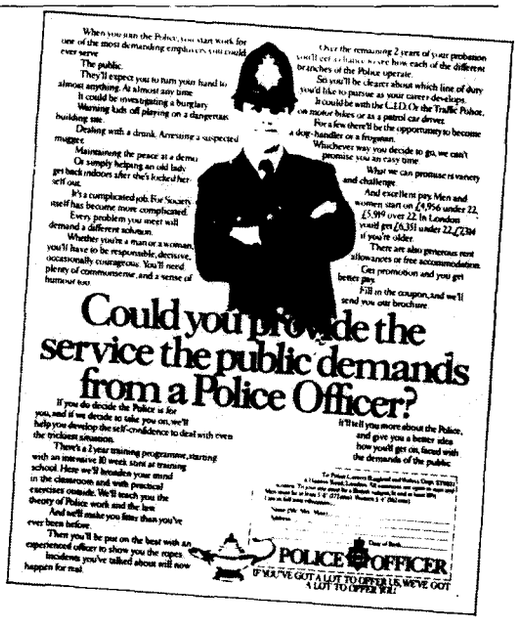
DURING 1979 I worked on a project to gather information about police interrogation for the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure. A team of us went to police stations around England and observed them 24 hours a day for several days at a time. We attempted to watch the handling of every criminal case from the suspects' arrival at the police station until they were either charged or released. Not unnaturally, the police were at first uneasy as someone sat at their side taking notes on how they did their job; but they soon thawed. By the time we had visited three stations in provincial cities it appeared that British policemen were basically friendly and fair, and not visibly tainted by racial prejudice.

Our final attachment was to a station in London's Metropolitan area. Here, the police officers' attitude to us was frankly hostile, and remained so. We were shunned, on and off duty, and on one occasion I was abused to my face as a 'Home Office spy'. They appeared reluctant to apply to themselves the logic which they use to justify the files they keep on others; those with nothing to hide have nothing to fear.

ONE NIGHT a black girl, about 15 years old, was brought in. She had been found in the early hours, sheltering in a shop doorway, and had admitted to being an absconder from a community home. She was not suspected of any crime, but as I had no case to observe at the time I was waiting in the charge room and was able to observe her arrival.

The duty sergeant was called to fill up the forms associated with booking the girl in. He appeared to be seething with indignation for no apparent reason. The girl was sitting on a bench about ten feet from the sergeant's desk. She did answer his questions, but shyly and almost inaudibly.





Suddenly he flew into a rage and started screaming abuse at her. He came out from behind the desk, grabbed her head in his hands, and shook her violently. 'Look at me when I talk to you!' he screamed. 'What's your name?' She answered faintly. 'Speak up!' he shouted. He struck her several times about the body with the flat of his hand. She spoke up. He reverted to abuse. 'Christ!' he yelled. 'When did you last have a bath? You fucking stink!' After this he gradually subsided and returned to his paperwork. The girl was led away to a detention room until someone from the home could pick her up.

I was astounded, not that such an incident could occur, but that it could occur when a Home Office official was present specifically in order to research into the treatment of prisoners by the police. What did they do when we weren't there?

I described this incident to my superior officers but, as the girl was not a criminal case, it could not be used in our research report — even as background information. This was confirmed to me by a superior who consistently refers to black people as 'nignogs'.

LATER, I WAS transferred to a project concerning juvenile courts, and I observed the trial of a black boy charged with insulting behaviour. While standing waiting for a bus home from his South London school the boy had had a minor disagreement with a white man. White workers from a nearby building site had barged into the argument wielding planks, and black schoolchildren from the bus queue had gone to the boy's aid. The police were called to quell what was rapidly becoming a mini race riot. Only the black boy was arrested and charged, but a white witness was threatened with arrest because he insisted on trying to tell the arresting officers what had really happened.

This man, one of the boy's teachers, gave evidence on his behalf at the trial. From this and other evidence it became embarrassingly clear that the boy was a normal, well-behaved lad from a respectable family, and that he would not have been in court at all if he had not been black. It was also clear that the officers called to the disturbance had made a snap judgement as to whom to blame, and had then refused to be deflected from it. The crowning embarrassment for the police was that they were unable to call the building workers as witnesses because they were 'not of good character' (i.e., they had police records).

Not only was the boy acquitted, but the magistrates awarded him costs against the police, a step which they can only take if they think the prosecution should never have been brought at all. They added a strong verbal censure of the police for good measure, saying they could not understand why the inspector in charge of the case had ever allowed it to go ahead.

I was able to understand this a little better because I had spent the lunchtime recess with the officer in question. This man exhibited clear signs of depression, and treated me to a monologue on the state of society and the effects of letting in 'all these people'. The parents, he emphasized, were generally law-abiding and hard-working; it was the kids who caused the trouble. He obviously felt frustrated and helpless in the face of the intractable problems with which he was supposed to deal. Although he came across as another victim rather than a villain, his judgment of young black people was clearly not objective.

Of course, as a number of provincial policemen were at pains to point out to me, the 'Met' is not like other forces. It is large, it is completely urban, it has a high proportion of serious crime (and it is the only force directly administered by the Home Office). But these provincial officers missed the point: the two Met policemen I have described clearly saw no need to disguise their feelings, even from a Home Office social science researcher. Their behaviour came so naturally that it did not occur to them that it might merit criticism, let alone that it was an abuse of the power of their official position in the pursuit of a private prejudice.

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £23, Overseas £25
Air mail:
Europe £29.50, Middle East £31.50, Africa, India £35, Australasia, Far East £38, USA $79, Canada $92

The British Intelligence Services in Action
Kennedy Lindsay

- How British and Soviet intelligence co-operate in covert operations against subversives in both eastern and western Europe.
- How British intelligence has moulded policy in Ulster.
- How agents are recruited — including assassins. A recent account from Scotland.
- How scientific advances leave Britain defenceless to Soviet nuclear attack from the Atlantic and make impracticable the American military "air bridge" to Europe.
- How the Kremlin forced Downing Street to allow the British athletes to compete in the Moscow Olympics.

The author has served with the Royal Military College of Canada and the Canadian Department of External Affairs.

Hardback £9.95
Paperback £5.50
312 pages

From all good bookshops including W. H. Smith

THE DUNROD PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICS, HISTORY & FOOD

Lacking in taste

The food we eat and its means of production are not politically neutral. HANNAH WRIGHT considers the connection between our brain and our taste buds.

A FEW WEEKS ago an editorial meeting of the *New Statesman* discussed advertising policy and a majority of those present felt that only 'intellectual material' should be offered for sale by the magazine. Advertisements for 'consumer goods' including food and drink did not come into this category.

The Fontana *Dictionary of Modern Thought* defines an intellectual as a person with higher education 'who thinks critically and creatively about the normative problems of his day'. Now the *NS* editorial staff are certainly higher-educated, and when they start thinking critically about normative political problems tiny flames flicker in their nostrils and President Reagan fumbles compulsively for another handful of jelly-beans.

But higher education elevates and develops the mind, unconsciously promoting the attitude that the brain is a sovereign state controlling and drawing fuel from a large but subservient colony called the body. This attitude is further cemented by the very partial use and development of the senses to which education (particularly of the higher sort) accustoms us. Sight is the only sense extensively used in most subjects; hearing and touch are only partially developed. But there is hardly a degree to be found that cannot be got with first-class honours by a person completely lacking in the senses of taste, smell and interior sensation of all kinds. It is no wonder that so many of my revered colleagues consider food and drink, which can only be experienced through these despised and undeveloped senses, to be no fit subjects for the kingdom of the mind.

FROM THE STONE age until the first Enclosure Act of 1760 the stages of an animal or plant food's life from field to plate were common knowledge. Since the common man rarely got the opportunity to eat foods in elaborate combinations, he probably knew whether it was turnips or toadstools that laid him low with the squitters. Fifty years later, this rude but fundamental knowledge about what was being eaten and how it affected the eater were already disappearing. The enclosures and Industrial Revolution put paid to the peasants, leaving behind rural labourers, whom Cobbett described in 1825 as looking half-starved among great plenty, 'with scarcely a bit of bacon left to feed those who raised all this food and wool'. He also described the new-rich tenant farmers who

> ate two or three knick-knacks instead of a piece of bacon and a pudding . . . everything proclaiming that here is a constant anxiety to make a show not warranted by reality. The children are too clever to work, they are all to be gentlefolk, clerks or some skinny-fish thing or other.

The new urban poor not only ate inadequate and usually filthy food, but were frequently poisoned by the adulterations of the emerging food industry. Among the 2,400 adulterated foods analysed by *The Lancet* in the mid-nineteenth century, sweets, prettily coloured with red and white lead, resulted in tragedies fit for Jonathan Swift or Tom Lehrer. Many industrial workers were forced to accept tickets for the company store or 'tuck shop' as part of their wages and soon owed their souls for food that was usually very expensive and very bad.

The Enclosure Acts and the Industrial Revolution thus dispossessed the people not only of common land but of folk knowledge of the relationships between farming, food and health. Until the Industrial Revolution the British even had a reputation for good food. Then, the new gentry sat in their parlours and drawing rooms trying to look too accomplished and aristocratic to learn about lowly cooking or

farming. The new landless poor semi-starved on dirty food throughout the British Empire and the First World War.

During the Depression Mr Riley in the *Road to Wigan Pier* was fed on tinned meat puddings, cakes bought as 'stales' and slices of bread and butter cut the night before, each bearing the imprint of his landlord's black thumb. Few ate like the French petit bourgeois — excellent ingredients prepared with great care (for *their* revolution had given the land to the peasants, not taken it away). Although the British gentry were proud to be amateurs of wine they considered a discussion of the ingredients of dinner unthinkably vulgar. They developed an education system in which only the stupid learned a practical skill. Farming and cooking were left to the dullards.

Doctors, who had climbed out of the barber's shop to respected scientific status, had little time for the new-fangled 'nutrition' which threatened home-spun solutions to glamorous and dramatic diseases. Meanwhile, the food manufacturers, unnoticed by those with brains, formed an industry which is the most centralised, mechanised and politically powerful of its kind in Europe. We are now at the mercy of industrial chemists to make fertilisers and pesticides, plant breeders to choose the seeds, farmers to grow them, millers to mill, supermarkets to sell them, not to mention the bankers, advertising agents, more industrial chemists to make additives, salesmen and all the mighty force of the food trades unions.

AND THAT'S just the bread. If you eat a convenience snack of, say, packet soup or an instant pudding, you will be eating about 54 different things, so it will be very difficult for any of those experts to work out which of them, if any, gave you the gut-ache.

Since no-one can have direct knowledge of the full cycle of our manufactured daily bread from seed to sewage, we substitute attitudes. And as we eat about 5,000 meals before we can read the back of a cereal packet, these attitudes are pretty powerful and pretty unconscious. Thus the parents who saw the landlord's black thumbprint want whiter than white bread and bright green peas and believe the manufacturer's image of health wrapped cleanliness. And those whose parents had stiffened their upper lips on gristly mutton and over-cooked cabbage seek the Sainsburyfied versions of *Great Dishes of the World*.

Their children in turn have fat-headed discussions about the supposed merit of raw cane sugar and sea salt. As the earliest nation to be urbanised, Britain is the one most disconnected from the sources and consequences of our diet and therefore most prone to social and emotional pressures about eating.

There is no broad-based social group with its roots in agriculture which works to produce food of both brains and beauty for its own sake. Even restaurant chefs — however high their ideals — must appease the ignorantly luxurious appetites of their customers. It is as if dance — another physical art, saved because it is appreciated through eyes and ears — was practised only in the chorus line and night-clubs — with no ballet and contemporary dance. Britons, lacking leadership for sensual enrichment through food, are mesmerised by food manufacturers and their advertising agents into buying adulterated, fatty, sugary, salty foods, developed to the lowest common denominator of taste and smell and designed to enrich no-one but themselves. Britons who think about the food they buy and how much of it they need, who 'think critically and creatively about the normative problems' of eating and drinking are cultural eccentrics.

IF THE WAY our food is produced tends to clog the reasoning powers of the mind, what does it do to the brain — that physical organ of which the mind is the subjective experience? Last December the *British Medical Journal* published a study of Professor K. M. Laurence of the Department of Child Health, at the Welsh National School of Medicine. This showed that women on poor diets were at far greater risk of producing a baby with neural tube defects (spina bifida, anencephaly and encephalocele). 186 women in Wales who had already had a baby with a neural tube defect (NTD) were studied. 'All the recurrences (of NTD) and nearly all the miscarriages occurred following pregnancies in women receiving a poor diet'. A poor diet was defined as one

> with deficient intake of first-class protein, usually no fruit or vegetables and generally severe imbalance, with excessive amounts of carbohydrate.

Recurrences dropped by 60 per cent in those women who received dietary counselling. In addition, there is now no doubt that diet is a key factor in the learning difficulties experienced by hyper-active children.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1977 the American Senate published a report on Nutrition and Mental Health, more or less entirely written by orthomolecular psychiatrists, who believe that most illness is caused by defects in people's environment, of which food is an important part. The 1980 update of this report contains a 'Mental Illness Proneness Profile' collated from an extensive survey of 600 health workers. Resistance to psychological disorders was found to stem not from an athletic sex life (though other exercise did help) or five years in analysis, but from a good diet, high in minerals and B vitamins (especially Vitamin B3 which was the single highest resistance factor) and low in refined carbohydrates, tea, coffee and alcohol.

The report also goes on about a condition called hypoglycaemia, in which blood sugar levels go roller-coastering up and down causing mood swings which can be violent. The report asserts that in 1935 only 4.3 per cent of US mental patients had hypoglycaemia but that in 1974 the figure was 67 per cent. The major cause is, guess what, the overconsumption of refined carbohydrates, fat and stimulants. Sufferers often experience a craving for sugar (which may suggest an alarming explanation for President Reagan's jelly-beans).

A BBC reporter friend has just discovered that he has the condition after several months of 'confusion and total inability to get things done. I would start something at 10.30, suddenly it was 11.45. I would sit and worry about how I wasn't getting anything done and then it was 12.30.' Then his blood sugar level went zooming up and he felt ultra-relaxed, ultra-happy and slightly drunk, then back again to total exhaustion and a certainty that something dreadful was about to happen.

Dr Elizabeth Lodge-Rees, an eminent orthomolecular practitioner, now working in Carson City, Nevada, says

> 25 per cent of all food goes to feed the brain. If a poor diet is taken, or many stimulants such as tea, coffee, cigarettes and alcohol used, blood sugar levels may be destabilised and mood swings may result. Freud was a great and good man, but he could only know the beginnings of biochemistry. Shortly before his death, in fact, he said that if reborn he would like to be a chemist. He had also realised some of the implications to psychiatry of thyroid gland deficiency. Those who have come after him have a lot to answer for. The mind is trapped inside a body and mood swings are always caused by physical imbalance of blood sugar glands or hormones.

Dr Lodge-Rees says that the commonest mental symptoms of bodily imbalance (including hyperactivity, allergy, hypoglycaemia and other such conditions) are fatigue, anxiety and depression. And are we not a fatigued, anxious and depressed nation? Stand up, anyone whose circle of acquaintances does not include victims of pointless worries, causeless periods of depression, tension, frantic elation or the feeling that all day they had been wading through treacle.

If intellectuals, further defined by the *Dictionary of Modern Thought* as 'the culture bears of the nation', continue to consider food and drink an unworthy subject for creative and critical thought, we will have less and less culture to bear for a sadder and sicker nation. Our national diet, national health and national brain power will be left to the disintegrated and self-interested attentions of farmers, food manufacturers and retailers. There will be no-one to blame but ourselves. □

Diary

ANNA COOTE

■ Each year at about this time, I board a train with a small team of journalists and make for a seaside resort. We return two days later with a foul smell of cigarettes in our hair, a fine sense of solidarity in our hearts, and a slight trace of whisky on our breath. Along with some 260 trade unionists, we are delegates to the TUC's annual conference of women workers.

Last year we were in Brighton, the pot-bellied businessman of seaside resorts, where there is still a good spring in the carpet pile of the hotel lobbies, and a whiff of expensive perfume around the antique shops. Last week (more appropriately, in a year when unemployment overshadows all other concerns) we were in Southport, the genteelly threadbare retreat of Liverpuddlians. The sky was grey; the paint was peeling. It rained and rained. Even the sea was keeping its head down, toiling quietly a mile or more out from the promenade — as though it feared that if it dared to approach the shore, someone would slap a redundancy notice on it. We heard speeches which measured the phenomenal extent of female unemployment, and traced some of the causes. We resolved to ensure a strong female presence on the People's March for Jobs, which starts in Liverpool on 1 May and ends in London three weeks later. We sent a message of support and a collection of £118 to the women at Lee Jeans in Greenock, who had just voted by 164 votes to four to continue occupying their factory (instead of accepting an increased offer of redundancy pay), in a bid to save their jobs. None of this was *enough,* and we knew it.

■ But we mustn't take ourselves too seriously, must we? Not if the *Daily Star* can help it, anyway. 'GIRLS LOVE IRON MAN GEORGIE!' was the headline on their conference report last Friday, which opened with the words: 'Grab your pinnies, fellas, and get stuck into the washing-up!' Reporter Peter Welbourn went on to explain that 'petticoat workers' were 'waging a war on boring chores . . .'

Puzzled delegates asked each other, who the hell is this 'iron man Georgie'? It took a while to match the fiction with the fact. A delegate called George Lynch from the finance union, BIFU, had spoken in support of a motion calling for a special TUC campaign 'to raise consciousness amongst male trade unionists about the importance of taking an equal part in housework and child care . . .' It was a good speech, seriously intended. He didn't talk about ironing. ('Housework' . . . 'iron man' . . . geddit?) If I ever meet the caveman who subbed that story, I'll wrap his pinny *and* my petticoat round his neck.

■ One of the oldest conference traditions is about to come to an end. The Corporation of the year's seaside town usually puts on a civic 'do' to thank us for brightening up the local economy. There are platefuls of *vol-au-vents, canapés,* egg rolls and cheese sandwiches, guaranteed to clog our intestines for at least a week; a small band renders a medley or two so that we 'girls' can throw ourselves around the floor in styles which give our various ages away (I twist); and then the lights go down, there is a roll of drums, and on comes the Conjurer! He is followed closely by a woman in high-heeled shoes, fishnet tights and a sparkling swimming cossy. He proceeds to pull coloured scarves out of his sleeves and hand them to his admiring 'helper', while telling us some of his favourite jokes. Have we heard the one about the budgerigar who ate his mother-in-law? Can we guess what happened when his wife got her head stuck in the train window? And other such gems.

The routine has been more or less the same each year. The response has grown chillier and chillier, but so polite are we that there has never been any overt protest — until last week. After the comic and the lady had finished their act, a delegate from the Association of Broadcasting Staffs seized the microphone and demanded (as only an ABS delegate could) an end to it all. There was a storm of applause. Next day, Marie Patterson announced from the chair that there would be *no more cabarets.* Does this mean there isn't a seaside town in Britain which can be trusted to put on a non-sexist show? Perhaps the Equal Opportunities Commission should run a competition to find one. Have you heard the one about the conjurer and the *Daily Star* reporter . . .?

■ How many towns in England do you think have bans on the right to march, in force at this very moment? You don't know? Well, let's start in the North and work down the map. First, there's Leeds: no marches through the city until 18 April. Then there are the four districts of South Yorkshire, which have had bans in force all this week. Wolverhampton's ban began on 20 March and goes right through to 3 April. The one in Leicester started on the same day, but is due to last for a whole month. Finally, in Greater London, marches have been banned since 5 March in the City and the Metropolitan Police District; they expire next Tuesday. Just an average week in the year, and there are nine separate banning orders in force. We are usually told it's the National Front; if they're allowed to march, all hell will break loose — and the police must be fair, so it's a▶

Roger Woddis

Carry on, comrades

Horror! Sensation!
Shock revelation
Of enemy agents
And burrowing moles!
Terrible scandals
Of people with handles,
And blunt penetration
Of covered-up holes!

Men in high places
With egg on their faces,
Names long forgotten,
Like Wilson and Trend —
God, can there still be
A Burgess or Philby,
A Sidgwick or Jackson,
And where will it end?

Muddy the questions
With hints and suggestions,
Heighten the headlines
By hook or by crook;
For this is the season
Of spying and treason,
And what better reason
For flogging a book?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

case of ban one, ban the lot.

But is the Home Office using the NF as a stalking horse, hoping we'll gradually come to accept a general curtailment of our freedom of assembly? We've taken it like lambs so far. What will happen in May if the NF tries to demonstrate in the route of the People's March for Jobs?

■ Soon the only legal way in which large numbers of people will be permitted to move through the streets will be on John McVicar's heels in a marathon. I think I might pop down to Millwall Docks on Sunday morning. Judging by the map of the London marathon route, that's about the 18-mile mark. According to John, 18 miles is where the male runners 'hit the wall': they run out of regular fuel and have to switch to their reserve tanks, burning fat and protein; it's probably the hardest test they have to face. Don't get me wrong. It won't give me a moment's pleasure to see anybody suffer. I want to be there to cheer John on at the critical moment. But most of all, I want to see those women runners sail painlessly by! (They don't 'hit the wall' until 30 miles.)

I need the inspiration for next year, too. I want to prove that it is possible to complete the training programme and the marathon itself without feeling any serious pain. I've read a lot of these running books and the phrase which has always inspired me is the one in Cooper's *Aerobics,* where he describes the result of the initial training programme. The non-runner finally becomes a regular 8-minute miler and, as he puts it: 'smugness follows'. That's the difference between John and me, I suppose. It's the *absence* of pain which really appeals to me.

■ In fact, running may soon be the only form of exercise available to people in my borough. The Tory councillors of Wandsworth are pressing ahead with their plan to demolish the local Latchmere baths. These were built in 1889 and are greatly valued by the local people who use them. They comprise a full-size pool, a meeting room and separate 'slipper baths' for women and men. (Wandsworth has a high proportion of homes without bathrooms.) Thirty-seven local schools used to use the pool, and now the kids are being bussed out to an open-air pool in Tooting, which is costly and inefficient. Local people occupied the baths until 19 March, when bailiffs arrived. They have since managed to get a court injunction to delay the demolition, but that expired yesterday (Thursday). Now they are trying for another injunction, on the ground that they should be able to air their views at a public inquiry, due to start on 28 April. When the Council has pulled the old baths down, it intends to construct a 'leisure pool'. This will have a wave machine, a 'dry beach', a 'wet beach', plastic palm trees and what is known as a 'random' shape, with four swimming lanes cutting across it, in a manner which will almost certainly bring competitive swimming to a halt. The estimated cost of refurbishing the old baths is £2¼ million. The new Leisurama will cost about £3 million.

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcard, please.)

☐ A shoe company in Wellingborough, Northants, is producing a pair of men's shoes in the design of a Union Jack with the Prince of Wales's motif on the toes to celebrate Prince Charles's engagement. — *Daily Telegraph* (G.M. Moger)

By their fruits

Arthur Marshall

AMONG THE enticing literary treats that I have either had, through pressure of work and absence of time, to forego or which have never, as in this case, come within my reach, a novel called *Apples of Sodom* ranks pretty high. If you've a copy handy and have finished reading it, do please bung it along, postage refunded. It was the work of a woman, a Miss Mary Bramston, it was written about 1870 I estimate, and she sold the world rights for £20. Somewhere there lurk, presumably, critical evaluations of the work ('Miss Bramston casts a bright and wholesome light on a dark corner of biblical history and her book should sell like a hot cake') but its chief interest lies in the fact that its authoress was, at the same time, governess to the children of those unusually bizarre Benson parents. It isn't every day that the Master of Wellington College, later Archbishop of Canterbury, marries a basically homosexual bride half his age and they then produce between them, in conditions that the sensitive will prefer not to dwell on, three highly gifted and wonky sons, among them E. F. Benson to whom we owe the marvellous Miss Mapp and Lucia books, and much else. There was also a homicidal maniac daughter. Believers in predestination will enjoy picturing God arranging all that merry little tangle.

One does so wonder whether the oddities of the Benson background and the tendencies of her charges inspired or influenced to some extent the authoress of *Apples of Sodom.* What apples, anyway, and this is hardly the place for mentioning and discussing the merits of the many assorted varieties — Monarch, Sunset, Lord Derby, Bramley, Beauty of Bath — that grace the prolific 'Myrtlebank' orchard. What we are after is just any old apple and here, in *Helps to the Study of the Bible,* help indeed is at hand. It is clear that Miss Bramston was no slouch or skimper in research and had read up details of the Vine of Sodom mentioned in Deuteronomy, though here, and as usual, experts differ. Some say the vine had a fruit 'of tempting appearance' not unlike an orange but which was distressingly bitter and nauseous and virtually inedible, and Miss Bramston would appear to have settled for this, for the suggested alternative description, 'a thorny potato which produces a large apple' gets us nowhere. It is impossible to associate sin in any way with potatoes, so the bitter gall-jammed orange it is. I can, of course, check all this when you kindly send me your copy.

Who, do you suppose, can be the main character in *Apples of Sodom*? It can hardly be Mrs Lot of whom vivid details are really rather scarce and whom one sees as a somewhat shadowy and nervous figure, twitching a goodish bit and probably locking herself in a hidden recess while all that clamouring and banging was going on at their door ('Do see who it is, dear. Tell them we've got visitors. If you want me, I'm in the airing cupboard'), though she does of course in the end have her moment of glory as a Challenge to Cerebos. We know much more, rather too much in fact, about her husband and especially his last unfortunate days in that cave, though here his childless and incestuous daughters were much to blame and he, poor man, lying there in a drunken stupor, was literally more sinned against than sinning. None of these persons would, however, tempt the pen of a governess in the saintly household of a future archbishop, so the leading figure must have been somebody else. Or do you think that *Apples of Sodom* was in fact a 'modern' novel but with an, er, Sodom theme? I say, do buck up with that book!

At my prep school, Stirling Court on the Hampshire coast, we 'did' Genesis in the sixth form (it was probably considered too sensational and disturbing for younger boys) and here my friend Williamson came into his own for he had a splendidly enquiring and, when necessary, slightly dirty mind and was not at all averse to asking questions, especially when he suspected, and how right he usually was, that the full truth was being, for some adult reason, withheld from him. He had already caused considerable consternation among the teaching staff by insisting on having the word 'whore' explained to him ('an immoral woman who sells herself for gold and I don't want to hear another word from you this lesson, Williamson') and had followed it up with 'eunuch', which he mistakenly pronounced ee-unch ('a handicapped male person sometimes in the service of an eastern prince and come and see me after prayers, Williamson').

As soon as, in Genesis, we reached the Cities of the Plain and Sodom in particular, Williamson's alert mind spotted that we were not being told All. The story, as watered down for our youthful ears, was feeble in the extreme. Everything hung, as you'll recall, on a secondary meaning of the verb 'to know'. This, we were told by a young and blushing Mr Sinclair, just meant 'getting to know you' and merely indicated a chummy approach — one imagined a sort of exchange of names and visiting cards ('I'm Uz, and this is my friend, Obal.'). But why then the fire and brimstone and why, most revealing of all, these blushes? Williamson kept up a fine barrage of 'But, sir . . .', Mr Sinclair countering strongly with 'Oh do shut up, Williamson!' As soon as the lesson was over, Williamson flew to the school library and searching, in a high state of excitement, through Chambers's invaluable dictionary, found what he was looking for ('To have sexual commerce with') and next day a fresh persecution of poor Mr Sinclair began, by now in deep trouble over Lot's unconventional behaviour in the mountains behind Zoar. 'Please sir, what does "commerce" mean?' 'It depends in what sense you use it, Williamson. And why do you ask?' And so on.

Private and prep school memories become increasingly vivid with age and here is a chance to shine. Correspondence with readers over the years leads me to suspect that a number of you are bursting with reminiscences, happy or funny or serious or whatever, of your prep school. You may also have letters, carefully preserved. Here is an opportunity to unload. I am glad to say that Messrs Collins are planning a nostalgic survey, which they have kindly asked me to edit, of prep schools before they largely, with rising costs and so on, disappear for ever. Do please join in, if you feel like it. All material will be photocopied and returned immediately. It should be sent, *not* for pity's sake to me here at Great Turnstile, but to me at Messrs Collins, c/o 25 Woodhayes Road London, SW19.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Legal, decent, honest . . .

From Bunn Nagara, Primary Communications Research Centre, University of Leicester

Whatever the strengths or weaknesses of the Glasgow Media Group's allegations of political bias in the (ITN) news coverage of the events in question, the reply it prompted from ITN's Peter Sissons and Paul McKee (*NS* 20 March) is guilty of much the same sort of faults it seeks to see in the GMG's claims.

Sissons and McKee say that two out of the three basic issues of the GMG's allegations are contained within only 8½ minutes of the programme. Elsewhere, they rebuke the GMG for giving a 'thoroughly dishonest impression of what ITN's coverage *as a whole* (my emphasis) was like during this period.' But surely if there is evidence for such bias, it is irrelevant whether the evidence is contained within one minute or ten minutes or all 102 minutes of the programme; if the programme is to be taken as a whole, as Sissons and McKee rightly say it should be, it would suffice to concede that the programme *contains* the bias.

In citing the length of time (8½ mins. versus 93½ mins., etc.) devoted to two of the three issues over which the GMG have taken ITN to task, Sissons and McKee attempt to give some idea of the (relatively small) 'scale' involved in the coverage of the issues. Even if there is, or can ever be, a norm which (crudely) correlates the importance of an issue to the length of time devoted to it, it is always entirely up to the broadcaster to set the norm and abide (or not abide) by it, and to gauge the importance of the issue in the first place. But quantity (length of air time) is no real indication of quality (the angle from which the issue is approached/treated). Even 8.32 per cent of a programme in terms of air time is more than enough to say/imply what the other 91.68 per cent does not contradict, or even supplements.

Sissons and McKee say that the GMG's charge of the 52-14 score of 'bullying' and other illicit behaviour in ITN's report, piled as it apparently was against the left, amount to 'an indictment of blatant editorialising by the broadcasters, which would clearly be illegal.' Mr Sissons for one seems fond of saying that there are (IBA) regulations against this or that practice, but, though there may be clear rules against defamation and other forms of stark misrepresentation, as well as general guidelines for reporting and editing, there can be no viable set of regulations to precisely detect, much less measure, instances of implicit bias — even assuming for a moment that the necessary controlling body itself can ever be completely unbiased and wholly effective on all issues in all programmes at all times. Responsible broadcasters can deal with conscious bias; what they can never do is detect, much less admit to, unwitting bias.

Sissons and McKee then claim that 'in no single instance were the words, "threaten", "bully" and "intimidate" used by an ITN newscaster without it being attributed to its source, whether specifically or generally.' What they do not deny is the charge that, with the 52-14 score as one example, ITN reportage tends to quote Labour right-wing accusations more often. They might then say that it is only because the right-wing tend to say more in their programmes, in which case they would have to account for the greater air time given to right-wing views. Why this systematically selective quotation? Really, if ITN representatives are to criticize the GMG's claims of bias on the basis of the latter's

(alleged) selective (mis)representation, they should not be implicitly defending — or even employing — such tactics themselves.

Finally, Sissons and McKee conclude that the GMG findings 'came close to being a political tract,' and imply that such a fate would necessarily discredit (what should be) an impartial academic study. If by 'political' they take the wider meaning of the word to refer to the art/science of social organization, no study of social phenomena can escape being political. Academic work should be *apolitical*, but no academic work dealing with social issues can be *un*political. If however by 'political' they mean pertaining to party-political partisanship, their observation is equally pointless in that they have not shown the GMG's claims to relate in any way to accusations of ITN's reportage being explicitly for or against any political party *per se*.

Leicester

Ed. note: Next week Greg Philo hopes to reply, in article form, to ITN.

Wills' power

From C. R. Cory, Managing Director, W.D.&H.O. Wills

Mr Hird's article 'Taking on the Tobacco Men' was prominently featured on the front cover of your issue of the 27th February, accompanied by an allegation that my company, W.D. & H.O. Wills, used blackmail against a national paper, the *Sunday Times*. I must object most strongly to this accusation and the implication that Wills deliberately threatened to withdraw its advertising from the *Sunday Times* unless a change was made in that paper's editorial policy.

The allegation that my company has by 'tactics' amounting to blackmail neutralised one of its most effective potential opponents is simply not true. Wills has been scrupulous in all its dealings with the *Sunday Times* and recognises that it would be wholly improper for it to use its position as an advertiser to attempt to interfere with the editorial policy of the newspaper. Any advertiser must be free as a matter of commerical judgment to choose where and when it advertises its products and the reasons Wills withdrew its advertising from the *Sunday Times* in December 1980 were wholly commercial in character.

By its conclusions which are unwarranted by the facts, Mr Hird's article gives an entirely false impression to the reader.

PO Box 244, Hartcliffe, Bristol

From Sir James Wilson, Chairman, Tobacco Advisory Council

My attention has been drawn to the article by Christopher Hird in your issue of 27th February. The account given in the article of the negotiations between the Tobacco Advisory Council and the DHSS is both misleading and irresponsible.

TAC had an agreement with Health Ministers that the details of our negotiations last year should remain confidential. There is no reason, in my view, to depart from that undertaking and it is not, therefore, open to me to embark on a detailed refutation of Christopher Hird's many inaccuracies.

There are, however, just two points which can be made without breaking TAC's agreement with HMG. The first concerns the atmosphere in which the negotiations took place. Though the negotiations were delicate, and sometimes difficult, they were conducted throughout with courtesy and friendliness. To suggest otherwise is to be unfair to the Ministers concerned; I hope they would say the same of TAC.

Secondly, it is misleading and mischievous to suggest that the industry's offer to fund monitoring research into its new products was at any time used by TAC as a lever during the negotiations. Since the industry's offer was made 'for monitoring purposes', it is obvious that there could be no research in this area until the shape of the products to be monitored had been determined by the course of the negotiations. Any suggestion to the contrary is therefore plainly incorrect and inaccurate.

Glen House, Stag Place, London SW1

Christopher Hird replies: We have given Sir James Wilson and Mr Cory the right of reply but we stand by our original article. Mr Cory makes no attempt to deny the facts we published, though understandably he claims the withdrawal of advertising was unconnected with the *Sunday Times* editorial coverage. In the case of Sir James Wilson, his own speaking notes for his meetings with the government, in our view, provide confirmation of the interpretation we put on his attitude to the voluntary agreement.

Running for fun

From Ann Pugh

I was fascinated by John McVicar's painful life (*NS* 13 March). Live and let die, you might think, if that's what he wants to do, a latter day Pheidippides, crashing through the pain barrier, perhaps never to rise again. But what perturbs me, apart from giving the rest of us in the London marathon a bad press, is that he might discourage others from taking up our sport.

Running, let me assure you, can be relaxing, enjoyable, exhilarating and *not painful*. In fact, if you're in pain you are likely to be damaging your body. The accomplishments of our running group are not too meagre, but our slogan is 'train not strain'. We build up and improve upon our fitness with due attention and kindness to our bodies and minds. John McVicar's attitude makes our sport seemingly inaccessible to most people, the preserve of grim, determined, suffering men, who daily encounter and shatter the pain barrier. This is all the more unfortunate since, with the help of an appropriate training schedule, just about anybody could *enjoy* marathon running.

27 Smalldale Avenue, Moss Side, Manchester 16

NS and COHSE

From Tim Gopsill

I was astonished, to say the least, at the 'mea culpa' (*NS* 20 March) over the story and ensuing correspondence about the attempts of the staff of COHSE to unionise themselves. Thank you for dissociating me (as the writer) from it, but I'd rather do it myself, with a little more force.

For the record: the 'text' of my story did not 'draw comparisons between COHSE's behaviour and that of Grunwick'. It said, and I quote: 'The employers have been accused of behaving "like Grunwick",' which they had, by an APEX official, and it was there, on paper. I did not call it a 'new "Grunwick",' you did.

I do not 'continue to believe in the accuracy and fairness of the story'; apart from a few misplaced emphases that crept into your staff re-writing it (in which process a good deal of evidence 'disappeared'), I *know* it.

You generously concede my 'right' to 'believe' in it. What a put-down!

Why didn't you write: 'Tim Gopsill's story was true, but we don't think it's really important enough to fight for. COHSE have made a lot of fuss, and we've got bigger fish to fry, so we're just washing our hands of it. Sorry, Tim, you *have* been paid.' If you'd done that I wouldn't be taking up your precious space again and you could have run an apology to the Social Democrats.

I'd like to thank publicly all the journalists who sent me messages of support and solidarity over your disgraceful disclaimer.

London NW10

Save our press

The undersigned share the regret and deep concern of many at the proposal to cease publication of *Labour Monthly* after the issue of March 1981.

While appreciating the serious difficulties facing the management of this unique journal, we very strongly appeal to the labour and trade union movement and all progressive groups for assistance, including financial help, to ensure at least five more years' publication.

A promising start has been made in guarantees for the figure of £2,000 per annum that is needed but a speeedy response is requested from those who can help.

Letters of support with donations or advice from individuals or organisations should be sent to W. H. Laithwaite (Personal), 2 Soho Square, London W1.

In our individual capacities may we ask all past and present readers to respond with enthusiasm to this appeal.

James Aldridge, Jack Askins, Richard A. Balfe, Tony Gilbert, Ken Gill, W.H. Laithwaite, James Lamond MP, Alan Sapper, Gordon Schaffer, W.S. Sedley

Information wanted

Ursula Owen of Virago Press (Ely House, 37 Dover Street, London W1) would like help in tracing the copyright, or literary estate of Kathleen Woodward, author of *Jipping Street*.

Michael King is visiting London to do research for his biography of Peter Fraser, Labour Prime Minister of New Zealand. Fraser lived in London in 1907-10, and his brother William, a printer, was active in the London labour movement in the '20s and '30s. Contact King c/o Press and Information Section, New Zealand House, Haymarket, London SW1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & ARTS

Rick Rogers on the invisible children and what they have to tell us about our educational system

Who are schools for?

TRUANCY IS ONE of the few political acts open to schoolchildren. It is also, usually, a desperate one — the ultimate sanction of a child at a school that has failed that child. Little wonder that teachers have failed to come to terms with this upstart professional snub.

Intriguing too that teachers feel vengeance can be wrought through the suspensions procedure. The normal process for suspending a child from school is deeply unjust and undemocratic — an educational kangaroo court. Evidence is often circumstantial or based on hearsay; children rarely get a hearing, let alone a fair one; the prosecution (the head) is in on the judgment. At the end, the local authority remains legally responsible for the suspended child's education. In short, suspension solves little, and certainly not the *child's* predicament.

All this comes across in Rob Grunsell's two Chameleon books. What he does is enable some of those children to tell their side. *Absent from School* describes the first years of an Islington truancy centre set up by the Grunsells; *Beyond Control?* deals with Grunsell's subsequent look at one authority's suspension history. Both are uncomfortable books, documenting a rotten system ripe for change. It's a common theme of many Chameleon books.

Chameleon grew out of the demise (well, murder actually) of the Penguin Education division in 1974. Six ex-Penguins (Myra Barrs, Jonathan Croall, Francesca Greenoak, Richard Mabey, John Maddison and Bob Osborne) re-formed as a spare-time editorial collective. A brief link-up with Ward Lock Educational ended when that firm got cold feet about the 'controversial' nature of the proposed titles. They told the collective: 'We realize that you are trying to produce something different from our normal practical teacher's book but you will understand that we don't want to produce titles written from an extreme political stance which will appeal only to a minority.' Which titles *were* Ward Lock reading?

What Chameleon are after is precisely to handle controversial or difficult subjects, to question official assumptions about schooling, to commission writers actually doing the work they write about, to produce inexpensive books faster than normal — on average 8/9 months, rarely more than a year. They put out about four books a year. Hardly an extreme political minority stance. No matter — in 1978 the six (now five: an LEA English adviser, three journalists, a designer) found a better home with the Writers and Readers Publishing Cooperative.

Absent from School: The Story of a Truancy Centre by ROB GRUNSELL *Writers and Readers* £1.95

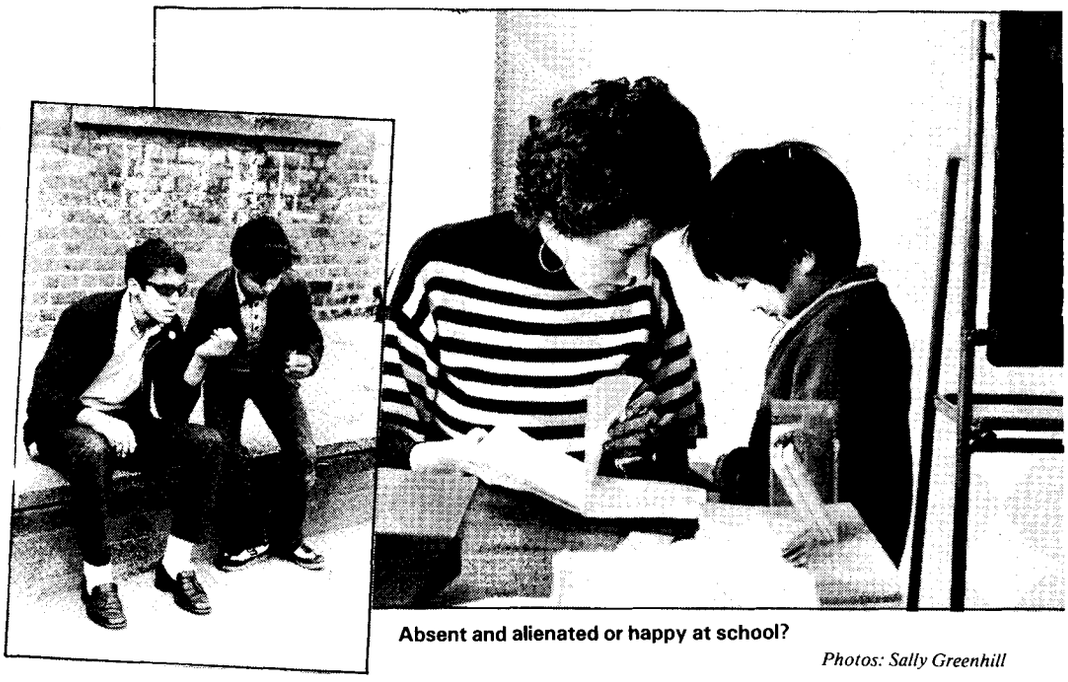
Beyond Control? Schools and Suspension by ROB GRUNSELL *Writers and Readers* £4.95 & £1.95

Finding a Language: Autonomy and Learning in School by PETER MEDWAY *Writers and Readers* £4.95 & £1.95

Closely Observed Children: The Diary of a Primary Classroom by MICHAEL ARMSTRONG *Writers and Readers* £2.95

One thread through the current Chameleon batch is invisibility — that of the children who rarely surface. When they do it's only as bad news. Both they and their culture are largely ignored. They take the hint and melt away from school. As one of Grunsell's children put it: 'born to be invisible'. I recall a recent Department of Education conference on truancy where everything that moved was blamed for truancy — except the schools; and where speakers preferred terms like disruptives, refusers, truants rather than speaking of 'children'.

Grunsell came to set up the Islington centre from being a family case-worker. Nine of the 21 children on his 'caseload' were regular truants. Why wasn't as important to him as what he could do to help where clubs were not enough.



Absent and alienated or happy at school?

Photos: Sally Greenhill

Absent from School documents how the children responded to the new centre. No great victories; no disasters — but an imperfect, accepting support-system which was, critically, especially for *them* however they cared to use or abuse it. The enemies remained the same: local authorities unwilling to expend resources on children who bite the hand that rejects them, plus the petty vindictiveness of so much school life.

Take what happened when three of the Grunsell children went back to school. (Part of the deal for official funding for the truancy centre was an agreement to return the children to school at some stage.) For Fran, Lizzie and Paul, the return lasted two weeks:

> Then they were spotted creeping home during the lunch-hour. The disintegration had begun. The walk-out had been over an incident of typically pathetic proportions. Paul had had a bad morning, had arrived in the wrong classroom, been thrown out, told off for wandering in the corridors and at lunchtime had gone with Lizzie in search of Fran; the three of them then attempted to go into lunch together, only to be told that they were in different years and must eat separately. The family unity had been threatened and they fled.

Suspension, though, is where the professionals really bite back. Grunsell went on from running the centre to doing a project on which schools suspend children and why. Reading the accounts by the suspended children and running through the statistics, it is clear that suspension is an unofficial guide to dud schools. It is also shorthand for saying schools are for teachers, not children.

It's not Peter Medway's shorthand. His *Finding a Language* takes us *into* the classroom — classes of 14-to-16-year-olds in a secondary modern newly turned comprehensive. He describes his attempt to develop a new view of English as *the* integral part of school's curriculum. (Remember Bullock?)

He sees English as comprising 'knowledge to be made, not given'. It builds on what children bring to school as themselves, their culture and background. This, so it goes, is the kickstart for wanting to learn:

> the breakthrough into productive school work comes when they realise simultaneously that their own experience and culture can be a source of value and interest and that they are themselves capable of articulating that experience.

Medway and his colleagues constructed an informal work-cum-recreation area in school where the students had more autonomy and could develop their own motivation.

> Our efforts should be directed towards education —the promotion of skills, personal qualities and attitudes, awarenesses and knowledge — and not towards secondary institutional aims such as enforcing 'appropriate' behaviour.

Largely it worked — through a system of communication logbooks for each student, a lively and diverse clutch of resource material and the teachers' commitment to the new style in relationships and curriculum. It also produced the school's best-ever CSE/GCE exam results.

This though is all a delicate business — splendid if it works, disastrous if teachers are not up to it. Hardly, it seems, a solution for every school. And the book leaves that key question unanswered: *is* it a realisable, transferable scheme?

I HAVE left the best till last. Michael Armstrong's detailed account of a year in an 'informal' primary school in Leicestershire is a smashing book — a true classic in that it breaks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through the professional barrier and spreads understanding to a wider and, in large respect, more important readership. Ward Lock should be eating their uncollective hearts out.

Armstrong spent a year in a class of 32 eight- and nine-year-olds. He kept a diary and recorded long discussions with the 'real' class teacher, Stephen Rowland.

The book documents all this and much of the work done by the children: not just the finished drawings, poems, stories or mathematics but, crucially, how they were thought through, developed and changed by the children. As Armstrong says, it is 'about intellectual growth and intellectual achievement; about understanding the understanding of children'. He shows how children overcome problems in learning the art of writing:

> Yet the more closely I studied what the children wrote the clearer it became that they did not regard these problems simply as so many barriers to significant expression; rather, they made use of the problems, expressively, as devices for liberating and controlling the imagination. Time and again the children managed to turn to their own advantage the very constraints which at first seemed so severe.

And with art and mathematics, he reveals 'the deliberation, skill, judgment and expressive concern which are inherent in the children's thought and action within the admittedly severe, but not necessarily inhibiting, limits set by their own immaturity.'

All these books raise one common question: what are schools for? It's not that people don't have answers to that question. Rather there are too many 'answers'. A more accessible question might be: *who* are schools for? That, at least, provides a better starting point for reaching understanding and making changes. Yet the final word has to come, regretfully at this time, from Medway at the end of *Finding a Language:*

> We found ourselves in a small clear space which we had no right to expect, and we exploited it to do things which went against the trend of the times. It will be harder in the next few years to do anything of the kind.

John Mole

Won't do: a memorandum

What won't: the occasional
Framed page from your journal.
What won't: the fashionable myth,
The heavy breathing of Death.
What won't: the slick
Mountebank, the sugar-pill Quack.
What won't: the hurt
Of a divided heart.
What won't: the contrived
Sentiment — *These You Have Loved* —
What won't: the hired wit,
The mark others have hit.
What won't: the effusive
Ego, the self-abusive.
What won't: the Idiot's Tale,
The irresponsibly surreal.
What won't: the Guru,
The abstracted hero.
What won't: the tipsy
Word games of a scholar gypsy.
What won't won't do. What might
Still insists that you write.

FICTION — 1

James Campbell

Almost caricature

The Magic Glass by ANNE SMITH *Michael Joseph* £6.50
Cities of the Red Night by WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS *Calder* £9.95
Ellis Island and Other Stories by MARK HELPRIN *Hamish Hamilton* £6.50

Among the compliments from distinguished authors which bedeck the jacket of Anne Smith's first novel is one from Rebecca West: '*The Magic Glass* is a realistic book about children who have little but what they themselves brought into the world, which leaves them with their fundamental romanticism and their fundamental innocence.' This is a good definition of one of the fantasies which haunt Scottish fiction: that to be condemned to eternal youth is somehow a blessing. Fortunately, Anne Smith has given her heroine, Stella, more humanity than Dame Rebecca suggests. When, at the age of ten, she is inveigled into the house of an old man who offers her wax roses in exchange for removing her knickers, and abruptly rejects him, she has in effect discovered that innocence will not save her, no matter how romantic it may be.

An understanding of how important it is to lose that 'fundamental romanticism' is, in fact, behind this novel. In the final sentence, having reached the ripe old age of 12, Stella is described as feeling 'more like her mother's mother than her daughter'. Before then, the reader has witnessed her birth in the imaginary town of Skelf, her rejection of God and his tricks such as Christmas, her friendship with Roberta whose mother almost kills her with a dose of pills, the development of close relationships with grandmother and sister, and many minor incidents rendered with keen perception and much authentic detail.

In other ways, Stella has been badly served by her creator, who too often intrudes in her own voice. 'An inarticulate suspicion' is a favourite phrase of Anne Smith's when describing Stella's feelings, and she loses no time in articulating them. For example, she had an inarticulate suspicion that God was not only middle-class but someone who 'interfered arbitrarily with your comings-in and goings-out with the complacently bourgeois arrogant assumption of the Ruling Class'. That, clearly, should have been left inarticulate, or removed by an editor.

Stella's precocious tough-mindedness, intended to make her 'a character', almost succeeds in making her no more than a caricature. The language is often lame and the humour conveyed weakly — people 'hold their sides with laughter', 'collapse with laughter' and howl 'gales of laughter' — but the whole is redeemed by Anne Smith's zestful narration.

ONE OF William Burroughs's many gifts is to employ the methods of caricature by exaggerating essential traits, and yet to avoid a two-dimensional effect. Readers who previously have been scared off only by Burroughs's experiments with language, scissors and paste, have nothing to fear from *Cities of the Red Night,* which is written entirely in straightforward English, much of it the spare, Hammett-like prose of *Junky* and parts of *Naked Lunch.* It is billed by the publishers as his mag-

JOHN MURRAY

Church Poems
JOHN BETJEMAN
Illustrated by John Piper

The attraction and variety of the 'church' poems that are spread through most of John Betjeman's individual volumes of poetry led to many requests for them to be published together and this volume is the result. As well as additional poems it also makes available again several originally printed in *Poems in the Porch* which has long been out of print.
£5.95

Lyttelton Hart-Davis Letters
Correspondence of George Lyttelton and Rupert Hart-Davis
Edited by RUPERT HART-DAVIS
Volume Three, 1958

'These letters are what literary conversation should be and so rarely is. Both writers vividly convey their delight in the literary world and the nourishment they have received from books.' Michael Holroyd
'Zest and appreciation are always beguiling, and these two agreeable men are endowed with both. They make very good company.'
£12.50 Joyce Grenfell, *Books and Bookmen*

Two new novels

McCandy
HUNTER STEELE

'The lineal successor of the Ginger Man and Lucky Jim.'
John Braine, *Sunday Telegraph*
'It is a first novel and has zest; there are passages of individual perception and compassion: McCandy or his son will no doubt ride again—deservedly.' *Glasgow Herald*
£6.95

Goebbels and Gladys
KEITH COLQUHOUN

A novel set in Fleet Street about a journalist; his work a series on Goebbels, 'the PR man with the most difficult client in the world'—and his girlfriend Gladys, who is black, works on a woman's magazine and likes making love in the bath.
£6.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A sensational first novel

SISTER WOLF

ANN ARENSBERG

"A novel that draws blood... I have read **Sister Wolf** with great admiration and delight." **NIGEL NICOLSON**

£6.95 March 1981

Sidgwick & Jackson 1 Tavistock Chambers, Bloomsbury Way, London WC1A 2SG.

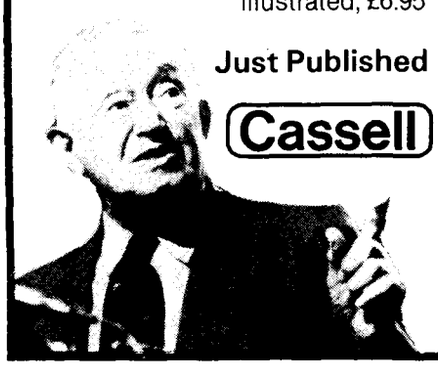
The long-awaited personal story of Labour's most respected elder statesman

MANNY SHINWELL

LEAD WITH THE LEFT

My First Ninety-six Years

Illustrated, £6.95



Just Published

Cassell

num opus, 'perhaps even more important than *Naked Lunch*'. There are many who would question the assumption behind that claim, though I am not one of them. However, in the last few years Burroughs has repeated himself with increasing tedium, altering only the intensity of his apocalyptic fantasies and his sci-fi porn: almost everything now contains references to Mayan codices and page after page of boys with sudden erections which other boys put to instant use.

The plot of *Cities of the Red Night* takes place in two time dimensions, the 18th century and the present, which occasionally overlap so that characters from one turn up in the other in vaguely disguised form. The 18th-century parts are set mostly aboard ship and later, after the ship is taken over by pirates, on an island. This island, Burroughs tells us in a foreword, is based on a real one, Libertatia, which housed a political experiment by one Captain Mission, guaranteeing complete freedom to its inhabitants. The modern equivalent is the commune, the only refuge from the forces of Control which are represented by all government agencies and bureaucracies. Burroughs believes that Libertatia represented an opportunity of changing the course of history, one which expired when Captain Mission was executed by British intelligence agents. 'Only a miracle or a disaster' could restore the conditions of Captain Mission's experiment, Burroughs writes. 'This novel partakes of both.'

The endless parade of boys with parted buttocks, the hangings with concomitant ejaculations, the erotic qualities of guns, the Countess de Gulpa who reanimates headless men and gives them to friends as love slaves (they are fed through the rectum), are only some of Burroughs's inventions, and it is sometimes difficult to tell whether he sees them as partaking of the miracle or the disaster. Throughout, no mention is made of anything recognisable as emanating from the human heart; no doubt Burroughs would claim that Control holds no place for that, but there is a point beyond which the mimetic artist may enter into collusion with the forces he claims to oppose. As for Captain Mission's Utopia, 'which actually could have happened', like all of its kind it exists only in the author's wishful thinking.

MARK Helprin's prose has a more glittering surface than that of Smith or Burroughs. Somehow or other, though, it always manages to seem facile, as if between conception and transcription of each sentence a gap existed into which had rushed too many words:

> We sensed that the warmth in the train and its bright lights were not natural but, rather, like the balancing of a sword at the tip of a magician's finger — an achieved state, from which an overconfident calculation, a graceless move, an accident of steel might hurl us into the numbing water . . .

The title story, a four-part novella, is that of a Jewish immigrant to America at the turn of the century. He finds himself entrapped in false identities and wayward love affairs — including one with a woman who is modelling for the creation of the Statue of Liberty — until he discovers 'the binding principle of this world' in a woman called Hava. It is very difficult to convey the experience of falling in love in fiction and Helprin's characters do it with rather too much breathlessness and choking inside. Perhaps it is for this reason that the best story in the book is of an isolated man on a cold mountain.

FICTION — 2

Charles Glass

In the desert

Horn of Africa by PHILIP CAPUTO *Macdonald* £7.95

In February 1975, Phil Caputo (*Chicago Tribune*), Colin Smith (*Observer*), Don McCullin (*Sunday Times*), Stefan Heimerson (*Aftonbladet* of Stockholm) and I went to Eritrea to report on the Eritreans' war of independence from Ethiopia, then in its 14th year. For 10 days and 200 miles, we walked across Eritrea's parched desert lowlands with Eritrean Liberation Front guerrillas in search of something to write about and, in McCullin's case, something to photograph.

Caputo, author of *Rumour of War* (his factual Vietnam war memoirs), used our 1975 Eritrea trek as the basis for this powerful first novel. Only the names, the story and the characters have changed. Eritrea is Bejaya (a precolonial name for the area), the Beni-Amer tribe are loosely recast as the Beni-Hamid, Asmara is now Albara, and the Sudanese border town of Kassala, where we began our journey, is renamed Nassala. Caputo's purposes are, he writes in his preface, 'to present my personal vision of the nature of violence and to show what happens when a certain kind of man is free to exceed the bounds of acceptable human conduct.'

Charlie Gage, the Marlow-like narrator of this contemporary *Heart of Darkness*, begins his journey up the Nile in Cairo, where he has found himself spiritually shattered by the senseless violence of the Lebanese civil war (where Caputo himself was badly wounded). An out-of-work American journalist recovering from a nervous breakdown and a broken marriage, he is ripe for submission, first to CIA man Thomas Colfax and ultimately to American mercenary Jeremy Nordstrand.

Colfax tells Gage at their first meeting:

> 'Acting for you is a kind of drug. You need it, Gage, that release, that freedom from thought . . . Action is your narcotic, and I, in a manner of speaking, am offering to be your supplier . . . and all you'll owe me is loyalty. Simply loyalty, Gage, and I'll give you the opiate you need.'
>
> I wanted to hit him, to break that spare little man like a dry stick; but his air of superiority and his seemingly mystic ability to read my mind gave him power. He had begun to exercise over me the iron control he exercised over himself.

Colfax enlists Gage to serve in Operation Atropos. ('Atropos. Oh, what a lovely name, Thomas Colfax. Atropos, last of the three fates who control the destinies of men, the daughter of the night who severs the thread of life.') Atropos's objective is the creation of a third force in Bejaya which would lead the secessionist movement and permit the US communication base at Albara (in reality, Kognew Station, which the US evacuated in 1976) to remain. Gage's first act is the betrayal of a friend, a moral assassination ('the first casualty of the operation') which prepares him for the murders he must commit later when he bends himself to a will stronger even than Colfax's, that of Nordstrand.

If Gage is Marlow, Nordstrand is Kurtz. Gage does not see Nordstrand until after the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first hundred pages, when they meet along with the Englishman Patrick Moody in Khartoum. Moody, a man whose only belief is in devotion to duty, is Nordstrand's antithesis. Gage, who is drawn to Nordstrand, must choose between them, as Marlow had to choose between the Manager and Kurtz. It is a choice he delays until it is too late.

Nordstrand sees himself as a Superman beyond the reach of popular morality. 'And the war in Bejaya had no significance beyond its providing the conditions for him to discover himself and to explore his limits, whatever that meant.' From the carnage which follows, it is clear the puerile Nietzschean has no limits.

Gage, Moody and Nordstrand leave Sudan with Bejayan guerrillas for the inhospitable deserts of the province, beginning the process of physical degradation which closely parallels their moral surrender to violence and Nordstrand's indomitable will. As they cross into the lawless moral vacuum of Bejaya, Nordstrand warns Moody, 'Think about it, Moody. There won't be any policemen where we're going.' No policemen, no moral governors.

BY THE time the three reach the end of their journey, Caputo has convinced us that there is a world in which it is right for a man to cut out the hearts of his two comrades for burial in another land. His exact descriptions of people and the landscapes which dominate the book conjure pictures of haunting beauty:

> In the darkness before moonrise, the face of the desert was a cavernous grey pocked by the black clumps of thorn bushes and acacia thickets. The truck's headlights gave to the trees and brush bunched by the roadside an unnatural color that made them look like plastic vegetation; and that artificial appearance reinforced the impression, given by barren reaches of sandy gravel separating the islands of sparse greenery, that nature never wanted anything to grow in that dead land.

The book's flaws are: Moody, who seems an improbable Englishman (at once a British officer who fought in Oman and a conscience-stricken graduate of the LSE where he supposedly read *Arabic*); and Nordstrand, who is a powerful physical presence —

> thick-chested and light-haired, with sloping shoulders joined so smoothly to his neck he seemed not to have any neck at all, and a head whose size made his shoulders look narrower than they were, a wide round head which he cocked slightly forward when he walked, swinging his arms as if he meant to smash through whatever stood in his way

— but is a jumble of contradictions. A Nietzschean individualist, the final horror is nonetheless his bloody initiation into a tribe.

Flaws aside, Caputo in *Horn of Africa* adds his name to the list of American novelists who wrote honestly about men and their confrontations with violence — Jack London, Hemingway, Mailer — a theme made all the more pressing by the conditions of America in the world today. Repellent as his vision may be to many, it will always hold the kind of fascination that Nordstrand held for Gage. □

Paperback versions of the following novels already reviewed in the NS are due out soon: *Smiley's People* by John le Carré (Pan £1.50) — 'narrative tension with a style which is not only simple and functional, but also elegant and subtle', David Caute; and in the new King Penguin series: Bernard MacLaverty's *Lamb* £1.95 ('acutely disturbing' — Brian Martin); Alexander Zinoviev's *The Yawning Heights* £4.95 ('a work vital to the continuity of civilisation' — Clive James); A.S. Byatt's *The Virgin in the Garden* £2.95 ('a large, complex, ambitious work, humming with energy and ideas' — Iris Murdoch).

Anne Karpf discusses the importance of community radio and the way its growth is stunted by established bodies

Saying things for themselves

ONE OF the uglier neologisms to have gained currency in recent years is 'duopoly'. It's not a game where players build dating bureaux on Park Lane. It's the system whereby the airwaves are bifurcated between the BBC and the IBA, and a growing band of opponents find the situation as unpalatable as the appellation. The community radio movement has been lobbying for five years for a 'third force' in radio, to end the stranglehold of the duopoly.

Last week Goldsmiths' College held a seminar to debate the subject of community radio. It was occasioned by the recent publication of the third report of the Home Office Local Radio Working Party. This body meets in private to decide which places shall get a radio station and when; its composition predisposes it to providing more of the same, since it is made up of Home Office, BBC and IBA persons. Its third report included a substantial section devoted to community radio — no mean achievement for the community radio movement, which has forced the subject on to the political agenda and has given evidence to the Home Office. Yet the report's conclusions are rather like Alice: they do a lot of running, but stay on the spot. In effect, HOLRWP has tipped the problem into the government's lap, saying that they must decide.

By opening its portals to the community radio debate (the seminar was introduced by Richard Hoggart, Warden of the College), Goldsmiths' has helped legitimate the issue. And certainly key themes were addressed: finance, accountability, regulation and control. Yet one central element was missing: the programmes themselves. Weaving discussion around systems and structures spins a web of theological niceties. But the clinching rationale for community radio is the inadequacy of BBC and ILR local radio. Where are the investigative programmes? Or those made by nuclear protesters (when the BBC regards as 'unnewsworthy' an anti-nuclear petition with 500,000 signatories)? Where's the drama, the documentary made by the unemployed, by feminists, by children, and OAPs? Programmes made by non-professionals which throw off the straitjacket of conventional news values and the traditional devil's advocate form are the community radio movement's ace card, but we heard little about them.

Nonetheless, the debate was alive with contentious issues. Could community radio become merely a palliative, and might Capital Radio's recent interest in the subject be 'the acceptable face of Capital Radio', asked journalist Jonathan Coe provocatively. He lambasted the trivialisation of community radio (lost and found pets), but the central theme of his attack was existing local radio: its creeping commercialisation ('exploiting the airwaves for profit') and its sluggish policing by the IBA.

He claimed that HOLRWP's report was about 'the gigantic expansion of commercial local radio' since it confirmed the proposed total of 38 local radio stations for the BBC, and 69 operated by Independent Local Radio (ILR). Vividly, he described the pop music of ILR as 'orchestrating the sound of the British economy collapsing', and made out a case for the defence of regulating broadcasting.

Coe commented on the symbiosis between the commercial stations and the IBA, which was meant to regulate them — 'the regulators have become pretty much the same as the regulated' — and argued that the IBA should start to use its regulatory powers. It should publish a handbook advising minority groups how to apply for a radio franchise and extend to one year the time between advertising a franchise and awarding it, so that community groups had time to raise money and organise themselves. And the IBA should explain in exchange why an applicant was successful.

His attack on commercialism gained support from an apparently unlikely quarter: a commercial radio station. Yet Cardiff Broadcasting, with its innovative structure (a community trust owns 50 per cent of the shares) but still buffeted by commercial imperatives, has emerged none too sanguine about the 'independence' of ILR. Simon White, from the trust, said:

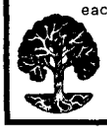
> CBC is compromised by the fact that we share the Board with business interests . . . The constraints on us are that we have to win a mass audience to survive, therefore our audience has to be all of a piece. But there is no reason why a large audience should of itself be the main aim of community

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

is genius or bogey-man to most critics. *Cities of the Red Night* (£9.95) is his major novel since *The Naked Lunch*, a fantastic odyssey through time and space where black magic rituals, crusading pirates, hanged boys, sexual obsessives and Bosch-like characters and landscapes intermingle with a modern quest for a lost boy, the first great book of the eighties. *NWW 18* contains Tibor Varady's comic send-up of East-European bureaucracy, a complete novel inside a packed anthology of new stories, fantasies, poems and discoveries from 7 countries & 8 authors (£5.95 & £3.50). Raymond Queneau's *We Always Treat Women too Well*, set in Dublin during the 1916 rising, is hilarious bawdy on many levels (£8.95). Reprints are *Scottish Short Stories 1800-1900* (£5.75) (Scott to Stevenson) and 4 titles from Robbe-Grillet: *The Voyeur, In the Labyrinth, Topology of a Phantom City* & *Snapshots* (£3.50 each).

THE NATIONAL FRONT

is only one of Britain's extremist parties. *Left Right* by John Tomlinson is a timely survey of extremist groups right and left that exposes their liaisons and international connections and what they are really after. Foreword by Jo Grimond (£4.95) R. A. Florey's *The General Strike of 1926* uncovers the social conditions that led to the strike and fascinatingly describes the events. Illustrated. (£11.95). Gambit 36 covers political theatre in Britain and Europe with plays by Dario Fo and interviews with leading playwrights. New political plays include Howard Barker's 2 volumes *The Love of a Good Man* combined with *All Bleeding* and *That Good between Us* with *Credentials of a Sympathizer* (£4.95 each), dynamic, provocative eye-opening dramas; also David Mercer's *Collected TV Plays* in 2 volumes (each £6.95 & £3.95 paper). Nathalie Sarraute's *Collected Plays* (£4.95) fascinatingly explore truth and deceit in social intercourse.



JOHN CALDER (PUBLISHERS) LTD, 18 Brewer Street, London W1R 4AS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broadcasting — what about other aims, like quality programmes?

Like Brighton rock, the seminar had one question running all the way through: what is community radio? It's unanswerable. Community is not unlike the blank letter in Scrabble: it takes on its meaning from its context, so it's scarcely surprising that it acquired new and often competing definitions throughout the day. Indeed, this is its strength, and Peter Lewis, lecturer at Goldsmiths' College, demonstrated the astonishing variety of community radio, not just in content, but in systems of finance and control, around the world, in a whistle-stop tour which also showed that community radio isn't just the wistful dream of superannuated hippies, but in many places a concrete political reality.

First stop was Berkeley, California, where in 1949 KPFA, a radio station run by subscription started. Now America has a multitude of non-profit stations, largely staffed by volunteers ranging from the almost full-time to occasional helpers. Set up at a low capital cost (£50,000), they draw funds from a variety of government departments (health, inner-city), as well as the public.

In Canada, community activists turned to radio in the Seventies and started stations like Vancouver Co-op Radio, co-operatively owned, which gives air-time to groups of women, trades unions, and ethnic groups. Their news policy is 'counter-information', which the regulatory authority allows because it seeks 'balance' only over the whole of broadcasting, not within each body. Radio Centreville, in a poor downtown area of Montreal, broadcasts in English, French, Haitian, Portuguese, Greek, Chinese and Spanish.

In Yugoslavia, every media organisation is accountable to a council of staff and local people, which checks its performance and whose comments are broadcast. In France, there are pirate stations like Radio Vert Fessenheim, started in 1977 to protest against the nuclear reactor in the region. And the list went on, although, as Lewis stressed, 'Foreign systems are not necessarily transferable; they're alternative radio, and you have to look at what they're alternative to.'

AGONISED British deliberations over what constitutes a community (much in evidence during the seminar) seem to have by-passed other countries: Georgina Guilfoyle described the smooth introduction of community radio in Australia in 1974. She stressed its different sound: with normal speaking voices, eschewing the Pacific drawl and plummy timbre of commercial and public broadcasting respectively, and with a high percentage of women as engineers, managers, and broadcasters; 'they have humanised the normally robot characteristics of DJs'. She also pointed out that such stations were not subject to special regulation: the existing libel and defamation laws were sufficient.

Some community radio already exists in Britain. The Home Office has licensed four experiments in cable radio, although there were angry claims that it is trying to snuff them out by placing local radio stations nearby (and there were demands that HOLRWP be made to explain its criteria for deciding where new stations went). Alan Peterson, former manager of WSM in Telford, broadcast to two estates of 12,000 apiece, where unemployment was running at 20 per cent. The station was staffed by 60 regular volunteers.

> People who relied all their lives on politicians and social workers to say something from them were saying it for themselves. The quality of public life in a town improves immeasurably. Councillors and MPs are questioned not by professionals, but by ordinary people. Community radio offers a chance for people to take charge of some microscopic part of their lives and do things for themselves.

Unsurprisingly, professional broadcasters raised the question of professionalism, but Ingrid Lewis of the Black Women's Radio Group, came back at 'the myth of professionalism':

> people can learn very quickly the technology of radio to make interesting, creative programmes. Some of the dullest programmes I have heard have been made by professionals . . . I belong to two communities, black people and women. They don't feel they have any power over broadcasting. Community radio could bring a sense of power — power comes from knowing you can use a Uher.

The chestnut of radio frequencies (not enough of them for community radio) was smartly disposed of: why not allow temporary experiments on 102.1 to 104 VHF, at present unoccupied in Britain? The wasteful policy of simulcasting (broadcasting simultaneously on medium wave and VHF) was also criticised. A model of self-regulation with minimum state intervention was proposed, and a modified version of the consumer co-op (on the lines of the *East End News*) suggested as model, with a built-in right of reply.

The most extraordinary contribution to the seminar came from Peter Baldwin, Deputy Director of Radio, IBA. Apart from a knee-jerk sense of humour (say 'brothel' and wait for the titters — only they never came), he succeeded in making Peter Simple look like a progressive. 'There is as much participation on ILR as the public would tolerate', he asserted confidently. When asked for evidence, he claimed that 'there's clearly a limit to soap-box, tub-thumping, carping, axes to grind radio'. A collective groan from the participants, and anger at such crude caricatures. With objectivity like this, who needs bias?

Comments on the third report should be sent to (and copies of it can be obtained from) the Home Office Broadcasting Department, 50 Queen Anne's Gate, London SW1H 9AT. □

OPERA

Andrew Clements

Finely foxy

Welsh National Opera *Dominion Theatre*

The Welsh National tours more consistently than any other of our major opera companies; it is also by a long way the most adventurous. To London for its week at the Dominion Theatre the WNO brought cherishable collectors' pieces — two performances each of *The Cunning Little Vixen* and *Die Frau ohne Schatten,* one (which I missed) of Handel's *Rodelinda.* Neither the Janácek nor the Strauss is an obvious choice for a touring production; *Die Frau* indeed seems almost a perverse challenge. By and large, however, these slimmed down stagings, with nothing surplus yet equally with no stinting in the musical preparation, provided as enjoyable a pair of operatic evenings as one could hope to find in London at the moment.

The Cunning Little Vixen, produced by David Pountney and designed by Maria Bjørnson, was first seen in Cardiff last November. The same production was also presented by Scottish Opera at least year's Edinburgh Festival as an instalment of the joint project to stage all of Janácek's major operas. The result is quite enchanting — there is a fine line to be drawn between Janácek's mingling of the human and natural worlds and a sentimental anthropomorphism, and Pountney was clearly well aware of it. The cuddly-toy Badger and Dog, a chorus line of hens and an erupting mass of fox-cubs are countered by the crisply drawn human characters. Phillip Joll is a young, sparingly lyrical Forester, who must age rather rapidly before the extraordinary penultimate scene when he and the Schoolmaster are suddenly aware that they have grown old and lost life's opportunities, while Janácek's music becomes chill and becalmed. Elsewhere perhaps pain is numbed too much; even the Vixen's death and the orchestral elegy that follows it do not shock as sharply as they might.

At the centre of the production is Helen Field's extraordinary, joyous Vixen, boundlessly athletic yet finding the time to sing simply and eloquently, projecting Norman Tucker's English text very clearly. Miss Field carries the evening, but Arthur Davies's cheerful, unabashed Fox is a sturdy foil. From halfway back in the stalls Janácek's pellucid orchestration (WNO used an edition of the score prepared by John Tyrell which incorporates only those emendations approved by the composer) was clearly received. *The Cunning Little Vixen* is one of the most remarkable of 20th-century operas in its ability to entertain and to move its audience profoundly at the same time; it's well worth a trip to Cardiff to see this production.

ADMIRERS of Richard Strauss can catch *Die Frau ohne Schatten* in Coventry (28 March), Bristol (1 and 4 April) or Southampton (7 April). In recent years the fan club has boosted the claims of this particular opera, finding here the composer's greatest profundity (not too difficult, the non-believer might say) and Hofmannsthal's most lapidary libretto. Judiciously pruned as it is in Gilbert Deflo's production, there is more than an even chance of coming to terms with the many layers of this opera. Here the touring approach pays real dividends. Extraneous trappings are kept to a minimum (the stage platform divides and tilts to suggest the walls of Barak's hut, a few assorted chunks of wood stand for a forest) and the parade of symbols is made as restrained as possible.

Played in such a way, as if it were a stark Wagnerian music drama, *Die Frau* becomes a rather unsmiling opera earnestly working out its dubious theme, but nevertheless allowing the many glories of Strauss's score to be fully appreciated. The parallels with *Die Zauberflöte* that composer and librettist were keen to emphasise seem distant here, and the least successful part of the staging. There is a problem in finding a convincing human dimension to any of the main characters: only Norman Bailey's Barak, another of his effortless assumptions that seem in retrospect to be made for him, manages to convey any warmth. Pauline Tinsley, in every other respect a firm and dominating Dyer's Wife, is too shrewish, though she sings forthrightly, riding Strauss's rich orchestration more comfortably than anyone.

But the shadowless Empress (Anne Evans) and the Emperor (Matti Kastu) are as uncharismatic a pair of royals as one could hope to find,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though Kastu at least demonstrates he has the vocal power if not the beauty of tone to master the role. Patricia Payne's melodramatic Nurse is a more crucial disappointment, for, in the Dominion, much of her singing was entirely indistinct. It made a mockery of the opera's opening when the Nurse and the Spirit Messenger present much of the background that fuels the rest of this tortuous plot. Despite the shortcomings, however, the WNO has given us the best possible introduction to *Die Frau*. Richard Armstrong and the Welsh National Orchestra negotiate the score heroically and Eric Crozier's English translation manages a difficult job very well. Those who find Strauss too much to swallow might still be drawn unwillingly into the web of this strange opera.

TELEVISION

Julian Barnes

Only teasing?

IN JULIAN Jebb's recent TV biography of the Mitford clan, Jessica spoke of the Secret Seven's childhood feeling that 'the whole world became a sort of *tease* put on for our benefit'. Hilary Martin, the invented British consul in John Mortimer's *Unity* (BBC-2), used the same word, invoking the *Alice* books as a guide to the psychology of the Redesdale daughter who dallied famously with Hitler.

But what happens when the teasing has to stop? When the political infantilism of the pre-war upper-classes runs into a little too much reality? Well, the record shows that three out of the seven Mitford children became Fascists, which is a larger than random fraction. In the *Radio Times* Mr Mortimer reports charitable speculation that Unity 'would probably have dropped some of her cheerfully debbie chatter if faced with the reality of the gas chambers'. But the thrust of his play argued otherwise: it's not difficult to see Unity Valkyrie — had she not shot herself — running a lampshade factory with the best of them.

David Pryce-Jones's book did us valuable historical service, which Mortimer's play extended. *Unity* was thoroughly adhesive, even if it was a bit like staring into a cage at a particularly repellent carnivorous bird. You stare for longer than you naturally would, not because the creature has hidden depths, but because you can't quite believe that it exists in the first place; or that the mouse tail dangling from the corner of its beak is its idea of spaghetti.

There was, rightly, no attempt to soften the unfailing harshness of Unity Mitford's character; but this did make our response to her rather unilinear. More widely, there was an unresolved tension in the play's structure: loyalty to historical truth often hampered — if for the most honourable of reasons — dramatic potential. Mr Mortimer stuck to truth at the centre of the play, then heaped variety and colour around it like a gardener earthing up celery. Parts of this earthing up were excellent — in particular, James Villiers's wearily civilised consul (a Mortimer mouthpiece, at a guess). But subsequent history, rather than the dramatist himself, insisted on where our fiercest reactions came: at the Nazi propaganda film, the Nuremberg rally, the Dachau road sign. Lesley-Anne Down, a winningly loathesome Unity, had only to fire off a cream-suited Heil Hitler for the taste-buds of the mind to be burnt out for several minutes.

And then there was the problem of Hitler. Painters down the centuries constantly declined — or were forbidden — to paint God; the idea was simply too big, and blasphemy or domestication simply too threatening. Perhaps there should be a similar interdict on Hitler. Given the force of an opening long-shot of him sweeping in to the Osteria Bavaria, it was perhaps a pity that we were allowed any closer. Ernst Jacobi's performance, of course, didn't help: he played the Führer like a moonlighting John Cleese spouting German with a Scottish accent.

Still, there was much to admire in the script and production. From the initial bicycling shot, when a right-turn hand signal teetered craftily but unemphatically towards a Hitler salute, one felt in capable hands. There were some splendid set-pieces: the massed wirelesses in the courtyard of the schloss, and Unity's eerily vicious takeover of the flat Hitler gave her ('horrifically nouveau Jew' she remarks of the curtains while the outgoing occupants quiver on the sofa). Mr Mortimer also raised the interesting question of Unity's sexuality: her destructive iciness in bed was offered in telling contrast to her orgasmic roadside yelps as Hitler's car swept past. Given the bottomless zeal of the TV companies for any scrap of Mitfordiana, I'm currently seeking finance for a really downmarket, barrel-scraping costume drama called *The Sex Life of the Mitfords*. If John Mortimer won't do the script, he could always be counsel for the defence.

IN THE England-France rugby international (*Grandstand*, BBC-1) the Barnes Improved Scoring System again produced the right result: France 2pts (Rives, cut eye; Dospital, almost put there by a Scott punch), England 1pt (Blakeway, black eye). And I was glad to hear Gareth Edwards saving his Malapropism of the Season for this Grand Slam confrontation. Edwards, always more keen on joining up his words than on what they signify, was talking us through an action replay of a typically dextrous piece of Gallic handling. As their three-quarters waltzed away towards the try-line, Gareth carolled authoritatively, 'And the French compromising as only they can . . .'

That master of compromisation, A.J.P. Taylor, is 75 week. For as long as I can remember he's been popping up on TV with that joke-shop bow tie which you expect to start whirling round like a catherine wheel, and compromising to camera for almost exactly the time required. To the nearest two seconds, in fact, as he pointed out with a certain bored pride during *AJP — The History Man* (BBC-1), a hesitant tribute chaired by Ludovic Kennedy.

Asa Briggs and Robert Skidelsky had clearly come to praise Taylor; Kennedy seemed more interested in burying him. 'A.J.P. Taylor is 75 this week and therefore nearing the end of his career . . .' he began in obituarial tone, and we watched a quietly furious eyebrow spurt upwards on Taylor's forehead. Ludo's manner throughout was rather hectoring and graceless, and he seemed much less keen on Taylor's actual work than on his curriculum vitae (bringing some larky stonewalling on the subject of that Oxford chair). Taylor looked as if he'd heard all the questions before, which was doubtless true; and we had heard most of the answers. The liveliest moment came when AJP and Ludo had a little scuffle about the Reichstag fire, ending with a flash of wearily crushing sagacity from the great man: 'What replaces one myth? Not the truth — another myth.'

THEATRE

Benedict Nightingale

Glandular fever

Entertaining Mr Sloane by JOE ORTON *Lyric, Hammersmith*
Up in the 80's by ROBB STEWART and NEVILLE PHILLIPS *King's Head*
Blood Pudding devised by HILARY WESTLAKE *ICA*

'Three Repulsive Folk Well Acted' was the *Daily Telegraph*'s headline when *Entertaining Mr Sloane* moved from Arts to Wyndhams back in 1964; and who could blame the upmarket punters for being a bit perturbed? The first of the 'repulsive folk' was a sleek young drifter, in Joe Orton's words 'innocent and amoral', in yours and mine something of a psychopath. The fact that he's committed murder in the past, and now boots their aged father to death, does nothing to deflect the other two 'repulsive folk' from their predatory purposes. On the contrary, it gives both his landlady and her brother the hold over him they've been craving. They'll stay mum in return for half-shares in his body. 'Well, it's been a pleasant morning,' genially remarks brother Ed to sister Kath as he saunters off in search of ambulance and undertaker, accompanied by the lad Sloane, whom he's already managed to rig out in cling-wrap leather: a disconcerting enough resolution and, had Orton had his way, one that would have been still more so. According to his biographer, John Lahr, he wanted 'a very young boy for Sloane, someone you'd like to fuck silly'.

How, one wonders, would the *Telegraph* headline-factory have coped with the prolonged paedophiliac fantasy that would presumably have ensued if the sexual prey had been 12 instead of the 20 he claims to be in the published text? How would it do so now?

In Orton's later plays the characters flaunt their freakishness, as if exulting in their status as anathema to the morally anaemic; in *Sloane*, they tend to camouflage it in fake-genteel euphemism or locker-room heartiness. 'Life is full of disappointments' is the typically brazen riposte of the nymphomaniac wife in *What the Butler Saw* when she's told her sleep won't be disturbed; 'too much of this casual bunking-up nowadays, too many lads being ruined by birds' is the relatively oblique way Ed manoeuvres Sloane in the general direction of his own bed. But the two styles encapsulate much the same content. Whatever society's taboos or their own pretensions, people will stop at nothing, not even at cradle-snatching, when it comes to satisfying tripes and glands.

It's a view markedly similar to that of Pinter's *Homecoming*, first performed a year after *Sloane*, and of several other plays of the 1960s, perhaps even including Edward Bond's *Saved;* but the tone, or slant, is all Orton's own. Pinter is the detached zoologist, chronicling the mating rituals of his human animals. Bond wants us to see the dionysiac destructiveness that kills a baby in a London park as the logical result of social deprivation and oppression. Orton, neither scientist nor reformist, displays a scurrilous delight, a scathing glee in unmasking the hypocrisies of a society he thought 'profoundly bad and irresistibly funny'. Indeed, one some-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

times feels that the worse people are revealed to be, the better pleased he himself is. Orton was something of a Sloane himself, and often entertained other Sloanes, both older and younger than 20: if the rest of the world consisted of Eds and Kaths, what could be wrong with that?

This exuberant anarchism, aggressive amorality, call it what you will, is more muted here than in *Loot* or *The Butler;* and so to complain that Kenneth Williams's production emphasises social affectation at the expense of the sexual rapacity beneath is perhaps only to attack Orton's satiric methods. Nevertheless, I would have preferred a little less suburban frippery and flammery and a rather stronger sense of acquisitive instincts, stealthily circling each other.

Barbara Windsor's Kath stalks about on sparrow-legs, her words coming in a sort of chirruping swagger from under an overblown ginger wig; Glyn Grimstead proves hardly more satisfactory when it comes to projecting Sloane's indolently erotic force-field than when he has to get his tongue round Orton's more elaborately funny lines; and Dave King could bring a touch more saliva to Ed's evocations of the gymnasium and scout-hut. Yet at least Mr King seems aware of Orton's own view of one character, and especially of his strictures against effeminacy. He is the first of the three Eds I've seen who is tough and confident enough to explain why the not-notably-subservient Sloane respects, trusts and fears him; and, as such, he's undeniably the best thing in an evening that will disappoint those looking either for technical excellence or paedophiliac excess, yet still proves the play quite wicked and well-written enough to merit remembering.

ONE AT once guesses from the waxen looks and glued-on grins inexplicably adopted by a perfectly good cast that the King's Head's latest will yet again prove revue to be an artistic disaster-zone, badly in need of reclamation; and so it turns out.

Meanwhile, Lumiere and Son (as the company's called) seeks to remind those apt to sentimentalise the Jacobeans and their drama of the brutality, superstition and violent sexism that co-existed with nice manners and pretty dances; and, for all its visual power, ends up with little more than an infinitely extended revue sketch. Maybe the two managements should get together and think again.

FILMS

John Coleman

In concert

Stir Crazy (AA) *Columbia*
No Nukes (A) *Screen on the Green; Studio, Oxford Circus; Odeon, Kensington*
Sphinx (AA) *Warner 2; Classic, Oxford Street; ABCs Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads*

Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor worked together before, of course, in the train-comedy *Silver Streak*, of which one of the high, fondly remembered delights was the bad-taste sight of a blacked-up Wilder struttin' with excessive, spaced-out rhythm beside a pained and incredulous Pryor, an innocent and a not-so-innocent on the run. Echoes of that relationship make themselves heard in Sidney Poitier's *Stir Crazy*, where the odd couple may be seen in vibrant concert throughout. As with its predecessor, the fun here is fast and intermittent, now taking a swing at the conventions of the prison-movie, now distilling wacky and special joys from the fanciful interplay of its unjustly jailed birds, Wilder as a see-no-evil would-be playwright, Pryor as his worldlier (but equally broke) actor buddy. Bruce Jay Friedman's nicely plotted script finds them fleeing the congestion, slush and ungallantry of New York, intimated in a quick string of visual gags, for the peace and bare tits of California. En route, an entertainment spot in a bank — they caper in woodpecker costumes, what else? — has them suckered in as the bank's robbers. An inefficient lawyer gets them 125 years apiece; and into the movie proper.

Wilder proves to have an unexpected talent for riding one of those Travolta mechanical bulls kept by the prison warden in his office; as prospective star of an upcoming rodeo against a rival jail, he is privileged; around him, an escape plot hatches, successfully. This is all right, but the real pleasures are elsewhere: in the mutual hysteria, after muffed attempts to swagger macho into the gruesome pen, of the twosome faced with the caged reality, throwing fake fits, weirdly crooning Japanese-style, Wilder making John Doe protests and Pryor wincingly holding him back. Wilder starts turning up trumps, explaining his dead mother, a vet, would never countenance the exploitation of animals. Vengefully shoved into a 'box' out of *Papillon* for five days, he pleads for one more; strung from his wrists, he rejoices, 'My 11-year-old back problem is gone'. If this insouciance hardly seems in any sort of character, it isn't, in fact. But we must take our comedy as we find it these days, which is seldom, and small mercies abound. Pryor, whimpering 'Pillow, pillow', vainly reaching for it after a punitive day; Wilder getting firmly rebuffed after one of those convict-to-beautiful-lawyer's assistant approaches that always *used* to work; excellent performances, from Georg Stanford Brown as an amiably importunate gay inmate, from the giant Erland Van Lidth De Jeude (I swear) as a useful mass murderer; a marvellous Hawksian scene with songs to the guitar in a big, cosy cell, Pryor helping the gay wind his wool, big Erland singing 'Down in the Valley' — these, and other fragments, will serve.

DIRECTED by Julian Schlossberg, Danny Goldberg and Anthony Potenza, produced by the first two and with a cast of around a quarter of a million, *No Nukes* is a well-intentioned documentary collage based upon five pop concerts and a rally which took place in New York between 19 and 23 September 1979. If I may quote from the helpful handout:

> Over the course of those five days, musical and political history was made as a group of renowned popular music artists, known collectively as Musicians United for Safe Energy (MUSE), combined their energies and talents in order to make a resounding statement against nuclear energy.

'Resounding' is beyond dispute. Aficionados of such noise-makers as Bruce Springsteen, James Taylor, the Doobie Brothers and many more got and will get their ears full, all right. 'Statement', however, reads a little bold. No one in his or her right mind can be anything but sick with dread about the potential dangers of nuclear power. And certainly Jane Fonda, Ralph Nader and Grey Panther leader Maggie Kuhn are on display in this compilation to utter a few, a very few admonitory words. There is also a 10-minute film cut in within the film (it was actually shown during a concert): its slanted simplesse makes *The Triumph of the Will* look like *Snow White.* It may be gathered that I have lost my temper.

Because what we have here, practically *all* we have here, is yet another *Woodstock*-type event, bolstered by a huge element of self-congratulation, infiltrated by an appalling quantity of unthink. Or, where there is thought and where there is concern, they are of a stupefying banality. Performer after performer made a point of having young kids, of believing in solar power. Anyone who thinks harnessing the sun is going to solve the energy crisis must be Robert Redford. People with piggy-banks still face a problem.

Franklin J. Schaffner's *Sphinx* is even sillier than the Robin Cook thriller, a kind of 'Valley of the Doll', with Lesley-Anne Down as the intrepid Egyptologist doll who keeps banging her head. The scenery is magnificent, with the music swelling fortissimo whenever the camera is really pleased with itself.

Weekend competition

No 2661 **Set by Frank Shortstraw**

Sir Henry Newbolt's 'Vitaï Lampada' demonstrated the usefulness of the cricketing spirit on the battlefield. We'd like you to take one of the sports which have become popular since then (snooker, darts, five-a-side football, skateboarding etc. etc.) and explain, in up to 16 lines of verse, how the skills learned from it can be applied in the outside world. By 10 April.

No 2658 **Set by Aspley Pitstone**

Verses celebrating the engagement.

Report **By Len the Unlucky**

'In the spirit of the Eighties', we said, and Dick Dalmation obliged with a spirited imitation of the punk poet John Cooper Clarke. Dozens of Betjemans too, of course, but most of them pretty tame and lifeless. Life is quite rough enough in the airless hell that is the Complex — especially since the coffee machine exploded and the telephones were cut off — without my having to swim through turkey-infested mail bags, being buffeted all the while by the booming commands of She Who Must Be Obeyed. So have a heart. Anyway, nine quid each for the winners and apologies for lack of space for the other two good ones.

The hardest times it's always said
mean punters like us must be fed
on circus surfeits and royal bread,
down Beasley Street.

So OAPs with ageing mums,
easy girls with grapefruit bums
are window dressing dumps and slums
like Beasley Street.

Charlie plucked her from her shelf
alone except for friends and pelf,
Christ, I could give her one meself
in Beasley Street,

And Action Man is glad he came,
his common touch his claim to fame,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one virgin later it's all the same,
more or less, as Beasley Street

DICK DALMATION

O Lady Diana, O Lady Diana,
You've the right sort of face, you've the right kind of manner,
You're the girl of my choice, and it's hardly the thing
For a chap to be old and unmarried and King.

O Lady Diana, O Lady Diana,
Do you drive, do you jive, do you play the piana?
They tell me your croquet is fair, and of course
I take it you hunt and can stay on a horse.

We met at a party (or was it a ball),
I was lonely and Royal and ready to fall,
I was nearing my prime, you were only fifteen
But knew straight away you were born to be Queen.

Ever since we did *not* spend that night in a train
I've found being Royal a terrible strain,
I asked Ma and Pa what the hell I should do,
And now I'm engaged (so they tell me) to you.

RICHARD J. THOMAS

Tony Miles

Chess

No 223 **January problems**

The January problems were an interesting lot. **Problem 211 (2b2r1k/p6p/4p1pN/pRpB1/8/6P1/Pr2QP1P/q4BK1)** was fairly simple. White mates neatly by 1.RxBP! and if . . . RxQ 2.RxRch, K-N2; 3.R-N8mate or . . . RxR; 2.Q-K5ch! RxQ; 3.B-B6mate.

Problem 212 (r1b2rk1/4qpbp/1p1p2p1/p1pPp3/PnP1PnN1/1P3QPP/1R1N1P1B/4RBK) came from Franklin-Miles Islington 80. Black has some advantage thanks to the awkwardly placed WB on KR2 and his active Ns, and a number of interesting tries. For example (a) 1. . . P-KR4; 2.PxN, PxN; 3.RPxP, PxP with a moderate advantage. White can also try 2.N-R6ch, BxN; 3.PxN, PxP; 4.BxP, but . . .B-KN2 preserves an edge. (b) 1. . . P-B4; 2.PxP, PxP; 3.PxN, P-K5 (if . . .PxN; 4.RPxP, P-K5; 5.R(N2)-N1! is okay); 4.R(2)-N1! N-B7; 5.Q-K2! NxR; 6.RxN, PxP; 7.PxP with excellent compensation for the exchange. (c) 1. . . N(B5)-Q6!? (I must confess I overlooked both this and the next idea during the game); 2.BxN, P-B4 and now (i) 3.N-K3, NxB; 4.NxP, BxN; 5.QxN, BxP and (ii) 3.PxP, PxP; 4.B-B1, P-K5; 5.R(2)-N1, N-B7; 6.Q-K2, NxR; 7.RxN, PxN; 8.PxP, P-K6 both favour Black, but (iii) 3.N-R6ch, BxN; 4.B-B1 does not look too serious. (d) 1. . . N(N5)-Q6!? (This seems a bit too imaginative.) 2.BxN. NxPch; 3.K-N2, P-B4; 4.PxP, PxP; 5.N-K3, P-K5; 6.Q-R5, PxB and now either 7.KxN or the preliminary 7.N(3)-B1 seem to refute Black's play. Much stronger and clear-cut though is 1. . . NxPch! 2.BxN, P-R4! Now the knight is pinned and Black threatens to capture twice on N5 and then pick up the exchange with N-Q6. So White tried 3.R(2)-N1, but this runs into the secondary threat of . . . Q-N4! reinforcing the pin. Now White must lose a pawn and Black will still be left with a tremendous bind and kingside attack. Hence White decided to exchange queens with 4.Q-K3. The game concluded 4. . . QxQ; 5.RxQ, PxN; 6 B-N2, B-R3; 7.R-K2, N-R7! 8.R-N2, N-B8! Resigns.

Problem 213 (8/1Qp3pk/7p/5p2/5Pqn/1P1r4/P5PP/2B2RK1) came from the Euwe/Keres match of 1948. Luckily everyone gathered that the R on Q8 should be black, not white as printed. Black won elegantly by 1 . . . P-B3! (cutting off the Q); 2.QxP, R-B6! 3.Q-Q5, R-B4! 4.Q-Q2 (or 4.Q-N7, R-B7 winning) RxB! resigns. If 5.QxR, QxPmate, or 5.RxR, N-B6ch. If at any point White plays P-KR3 simply Q-N6. However, Black's position is so overwhelming that he could win in a number of ways: (a) 1 . . . Q-K7 threatening . . . R-Q8 winning a piece, and if 2.Q-B6, R-B6! followed by RxB and . . . Q-K6ch, or 2.B-R3, R-Q7, or 2.P-N3, N-B6ch. (b) 1. . . R-B6 simply threatening . . .P-B3 and on 2.Q-Q5, P-B3; 3.Q-Q2, RxB! again, or 2.B-N2, P-B3; 3.P-N3, RxPch! 4.K-R1, R-N8ch! 5.RxR, Q-B6ch mates, or 2.P-N3, P-B3 threatening . . . RxPch, or 2.B-R3, R-B7; 3.R-B2, Q-Q8ch; 4.R-B1, Q-Q7 (renewing the threat of . . . P-B3); 5.B-B8, Q-K6ch; 6.K-R1, R-B8; 7.Q-R6, Q-B7! 8.RxR, QxPmate. (c) 1 . . . R-Q3 with the same idea. Now if 2.B-N2, R-Q7, or 2.K-R1, Q-K7; 3.R-N1, P-B3 followed by R-Q8, or 2.P-N3, Q-K7; 3.Q-R1, R-QB or QxRch. One try that is not convincing is 1. . . R-KB6. Then 2.QxR, NxQch; 3.RxN should suffice to draw comfortably.

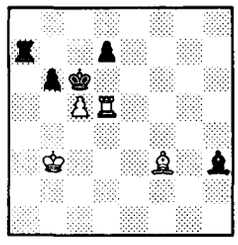
Problem 214 (5b2/8/3P4/8/8/Bp2k2p/1Pp4P/2K5) was, of course, a study. White draws by a remarkable underpromotion. 1.P-Q7, B-R3; 2.B-B8! B-B5; 3.B-Q6, BxB! 4.P-Q8 = R!! (but not 4.P-Q8 = Q? B-B5! winning) B-B5 (if . . . BxP; 5.R-Q3ch! draws) 5.R-Q2! (the point now . . . K-B6 is stalemate) B-N4; 6.R-Q5! K-B5; 7.R-Q2! B-R3; 8.R-Q6! K-N4; 9.R-Q2! Drawn.

Problem 215 (8/3K4/2p5/4p3/2P5/1B3pk1/8/8) also caused some trouble. Again White draws by the skin of his teeth: 1.P-B5! (but not 1.B-Q1, P-B4! or 1.B-B2, K-B5! or 1.KxP, P-B7) P-K5 (. . . P-B7; 2.B-B4 is too slow) 2.B-Q1! (it is essential to jettison this bishop) P-K6; 3.BxP, KxB; 4.KxP, P-K7; 5.K-Q7! P-K8 = Q; 6.P-B6, Q-Q7ch (or Q-Q8ch) 7.K-B8 and Black cannot present P-B7 with a drawn position. eg 7. . . K-K5; 8.P-B7, K-Q4; 9.K-N8, Q-N5ch; 10.K-R8, Q-B1ch; 11.K-N7, Q-K2; 12.K-R8! (but not 12.K-N8? K-B3! 13.P-B8 = Qch, K-N3 winning) and . . . QxP is stalemate.

After the change in structure of the NS prizes there are no January winners. But marking each problem out of 10, the leaders in the quarterly competition are Messrs Jacobs and Sobey 50/50, Mr Taylor 46, Mr McSheehy 44 and Mr Cornforth 42 with the pack not too far behind.

Problem 223

As this is the last chess column for a while at least it seems appropriate to finish with an endgame study. White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN by 8 April.

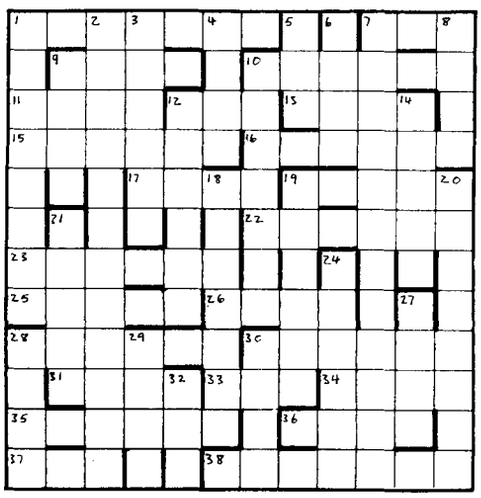


Solution to problem 221

1. . . P-R6ch! 2.K-N1 (if KxP Q-B8ch mates) Q-N8ch; 3.B-K1 (if 3.Q-K1, QxRP is trivial) P-R4! (It is true there are other ways but this is by far the most efficient and elegant. The threat is B-N5) 4.QxP, B-B4ch! 5.K-R1 (QxB, QxBmate or K-B1, Q-Q6mate) Q-Q6. Resigns.

Salamanca: 40
'1890 — 1976 (Is that a rich age?)'

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 40, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 7 April.



Answers to asterisked clues may be regarded as wholly or partly representative of the theme.

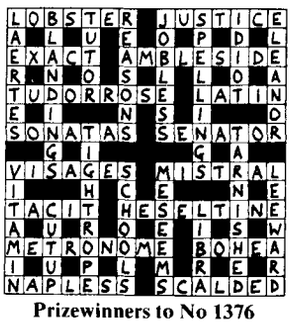
ACROSS

*1 & 10 Police don't really like him - he untangles their poor clue (2 words, 13)
7 See a bone to be found on this island (3)
9 Subterfuge in *The Hollow*? (4)
10 See 1 Ac.
11 This plant goes all over the place (4)
12 Always in turning it makes a 9 (3)
13 Frozen water on the move, say? (4)
15 They secure the loose ends in involved affairs (6)
16 Go cold in affair — cruel heart to show novel change (6)
17 Think of a word meaning 'township' you've heard (4)
19 Carriages having creaky works — no worry about these breaking (5)
*22 Strange rite on this Express (6)
23 Mac's scoffed cake greedily — not layer one perhaps (6)
25 Sacred enclosure, kind of shrine of leaders (5)
26 10Ac.'s ocean not reaching a high level, say? (2 words, 4)
28 See 28D.
30 Wander idly in a storm that's blowing (6)
31 One given cane over way of driving? (4)
33 Speaks slang with the opposite of enthusiasm mostly (3)
*34 This witness in book a worthless one to have about? (4)
*35 Blunt instruments the pointers in location of mysterious affair (6)
36 Soft dish — potter's bungle (4)
*37 & 38 Book policeman with dress, say, that's untidy (no weeping *willow*?) (2 words, 10)

DOWN

*1 To whom for companionship 10Ac. will sometimes *resort*? (8)
*2 He was killed, being held in rocky regard without love, possibly (2 words, 12)
*3 Have dominant ideas about dead — death here (in dark spots) (6)
4 Cons, weak instead of good initially, have broken them (4)
5 Love of money sets up a victim endlessly (3)
6 Evil — come to black end — could be 24 (4)
*7 Shook crude Old English building to produce this? (2 words, 12)
8 Sore, yes, but with time gets better (4)
9 One the lady takes in (if a lady-killer) may expect to be? (4)
10 Ousel with soft mass to preen that's feathery (7)
12 Ruthlessly cuts down on internal exercises — peaks (6)
*14 But for name held up, who should have been consulted? (5)
*18 This night's lacking object (7)
19 Some anteaters at Zoo are fake (6)
20 Gasteropods, submarine fish from below (8)
21 Using a reel cunningly —Scots fisherman? (5)
*24 2's death an instance of blood, odd, welling up (6)
27 Improvises musically with sticks and blocks? (4)
*28 & 28Ac. Not exactly a simple Mrs? (2 words, 10)
*29 This horse makes wild leap (4)
30 Attractive former girlfriend dressed in shimmery skirts (4)
32 A little slade, narrow (3)

Solution to No 1376



Prizewinners to No 1376

Betty Henderson (Fife)
J.R. Jump (Spain)
Miss N. Phillips (London)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Tel: 01-405 4911/2/3

Lineage: **£1.40 per 6 words** (min. 12 words — £2.80)
First two words automatically bold. Extra bold words **25p each.** Box numbers — **£1.50 extra.**
Display:- **£6.20 per single column centimetre.**
(Minimum 3 s.c.c. — **£18.60**)
All private advertisements must be prepaid.

Please send your ads to: CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN, 10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ. Telex:- 28449
To reply to a Box, write to: Box No. .....
at above address.

FINAL COPY DEADLINE — TUESDAY FOR FRIDAY PUBLICATION

Appointments

WEST AFRICA/BRAZIL

Field Officers

needed to develop and administer volunteer programmes in Mali and Upper Volta/Brazil. Knowledge of Africa/Latin America, understanding of development issues, working experience in a developing country and in solidarity groups preferred. French/Portuguese required. Also economists/sociologists needed for Mali, West Bank and Bolivia. Modest volunteers allowances.

Details from:
UNA International Service, 3 Whitehall Ct, London SW1. (01-930 0679).

PLUMSTEAD COMMUNITY LAW CENTRE
requires a
WORKER FLUENT IN PUNJABI/HINDI
to join its Race and Immigration team. A sound knowledge of immigration law and practice is essential and the applicant should also have experience of community work within the Asian community. The position may also involve working in one of the following areas, namely Housing Employment and Welfare Rights. Please write for a job description and further details to **the Chairperson, Management Committee, 105 Plumstead High Street, London SE18.** Closing date for applications is **6 April 1981.**

AFFOR
(Community Resources Agency)
EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES WORKER
Qualified and experienced **Teacher** required to produce educational resources. Must have a commitment to multicultural education. Salary scale AP4. Terms 3 years. Further details: Mal Bell, AFFOR, 1 Finch Road, Birmingham 19.
Closing date: **Monday, 13 April 1981.**

Labour Research Department

has a vacancy for a **RESEARCHER** to work in the field of health and safety as well as in at least one of the following areas: NHS, education, construction, energy, social services.

Scientific training or experience will be an advantage as will experience of the trade union and labour movement. Some publishing or writing experience would also be useful. Salary £7,020 p.a. (35 hours, 5 weeks 2 days annual holiday). Written applications with the names of two referees to reach

The Secretary, Labour Research Department, 78 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 8HF,

by Thursday 16 April 1981.

Removals

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap and reliable
All sizes
603 2865. 27 Royal Crescent Mews, London W11

Appointments Wanted

BA General Graduate, male, with Personnel Management Training, sks suitable position. Box 936.

Political Publications

SPECIAL OFFER!!!
THE BOOK OF THE YEAR, ed. Widgery
~~£5.95~~ £2.20 only
if you collect in person from
INK LINKS, 3rd Floor,
59 Charlotte Street,
London W1 (01-636 8222)
or add £1 p&p (UK and W. Europe only)
Superb Cloth Edition £5.00 (originally £11.50), p&p £1.50

Personal

IF YOU LIKE buying your 'Introductions' and haunting lonely hearts clubs — fine! If not . . . find out about Nexus. Phone for the brochure: London 359 7415/7656, Glasgow 221 1090, Manchester 834 9864, Leeds 445186, Bristol 279528, Wolverhampton 762519, Newcastle 607645, Southampton 786967, Brighton 775578.

ELEGANT, black divorcee, slim, 48, no children, wishes to meet tall, refined gentleman, 55-70, friendship/marriage, Midlands Box 951.

A PALESTINE STATE? Yes, in Jordan which is 76.9% of Palestine and has majority population of Palestine Arabs. Jordan **is** Palestine, 30 Baker Street, London W1.

ARE YOU an intellectual fun-loving person? 18-80 years old? The Progressive League caters for mind body and soul — politics, music, creative writing, poetry, dancing, philosophy. Ring 452 8358.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

FINEST LIBRARY in Europe of its kind: Theosophy, Comparative Religion, Philosophy, Modern Civilisation, Psychology, Science, Mysticism, Unexplained Phenomena. Subs £3 p.a. Details on this/events, classes/free lectures s.a.e. The Theosophical Society (Ref. NS), 50 Gloucester Place, London W1H 3HL. 01-935 9261.

FRUSTRATED POSTGRADUATE, wide experience of print industry administration, seeks interesting full/part-time work (research or W.H.Y?). W/Mid. Box 937.

KINDLY PHILANTHROPIST urgently needed to sponsor two bright children through school. Box 952.

LECTURER, 38, male, divorced, working overseas, reqs UK accommodation, twice year Lancashire area. Pref. female, social work background. Exchange visits possible. Box 935.

LEFTISH MALE: slim, thoughtful, young 43, seeks female counterpart. Motive: if compatible, a friendship where warmth may develop into harmonious, all-round, sharing, deeper relationship. Too much to ask? Pref. area: London to Sussex Coast. Box 949.

MALE, 26, a little lonely after broken relationship, seeks female to share varied interests in London area, and hopefully develop caring, lasting relationship. I'm quiet, thoughtful (not intellectual), work with kids, socialist, and able to laugh. Box 964.

MALE, 38, would like to meet woman, 25/40. I am not MCP and would like to meet a woman who feels that's very important. Box 948.

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. Details from: The Centre Party, 83 Donnington Court, Donnington Rd, London NW10 3TJ.

PAUL ROM, INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOLOGIST, back from winter holiday. 01-445 5064.

PIANO REPAIRS, TUNING, uprights, grands and pianolas. Denys Parsons MSc. 01-340 4695.

PLEASANT, educated, div. secretary, 50, 5' 3", house, car, weary of solitary slog, seeks tall, prof. unattached male with brains & brawn, N. London. Box 923.

PROF. M (60), very active all aspects of life, would like to meet educated/professional lady, c 50, or so, with some imagination and common sense, and able to converse. Location preferred northern half UK. Box 970.

PROFESSIONAL SCOTSWOMAN recently retired, would like to meet a kindly, humorous man, with plenty of interests, who is free to marry should friendship develop. Box 961.

Fellowships

ROTHMANS FELLOWSHIPS

Applications are invited for Rothmans Fellowships, which are awarded under the Rothmans University Endowment Fund set up by Rothmans of Pall Mall (Australia) Limited to enable Fellows to undertake postgraduate work within an Australian University.

Rothmans Fellowships are of an annual value of up to $A15,500. A Fellow may be paid travelling expenses incurred in taking up the Fellowship and returning home.

In addition, an amount of $A1,500 per annum towards fees and expenses including the purchase and maintenance of equipment may be paid to the University where the Fellow is working.

A Fellow shall take up a Fellowship before attaining the age of twenty-eight. The Fellowships are open to graduates of any University who have had at least three years postgraduate experience in research. The Fellowships are not open to permanent members of academic staff or applicants proceeding on sabbatical, study or other leave (including leave without pay). The Fellowships must be held at an Australian University.

Application forms and further details may be obtained from: **The Secretary, Rothmans University Endowment Fund, c/o The University of Sydney, NSW 2006 Australia, or from the Association of Commonwealth Universities, (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.**

Applications close on ***10 July 1981.***

NW London readers

Are you satisfied with your TV rental service?

We offer a high standard of service with a wide choice of models from both British and Japanese manufacturers. We also rent sets with Teletext and Prestel facilities.
Telephone us or call at our showrooms, only 39 steps from the Hampstead Tube.

Drazin Ltd
Estd 1927
57-59 Heath Street
Hampstead
London NW3 6UG
435 7441 + 9061

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE for busy authors, checklists, bibliographies prepared, book-searches undertaken. 01-997 0748.

SENSITIVE young man, 26, with unlimited energy, seeks rich, older woman, for mutual benefit. Small photo please. Box 965.

TALL, attractive divorcee, 45, seeks affectionate, unattached male, to share love of sea, countryside, arts. West Midlands. Box 946.

TWO'S COMPANY for friendship/marriage. Introductions with the personal touch for people of discernment. Also astrological matching. Brochure on request. Two's Company, Dept. EN1, 111 High Holborn, London WC1V 6JS. Tel. 01-242 2345.

WANDERING LONELY AS A CLOUD? Silver linings are gladly provided by 'Status' who will introduce you to the sort of people who would never dream of enrolling with an ordinary Marriage Bureau. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, W1. 01-286 2128 (24 hrs).

WARM, attractive, graduate, woman teacher, 42, (div.), 5' 5", grey eyes, home-loving. Seeks professional man to share life. Ints music, theatre, countryside. Box 957.

WHAT IS PRIMAL BLISS, Bodymind Methods, Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation, Reciport (reciprocal, non-professional support) can be integrated. Reciport, 8 Princes Avenue, N10 3LR. Tel. 01-586 4109. (8-9.30 a.m. 6.30-7 p.m.) and weekends.

WHY PAY OVER THE ODDS FOR DUREX? Choose from our FPA-approved range; 9-sheath sampler £1; 48 Gossamer £5.34; 48 Extra Safe £6.46; RP Parcels (5 brands, £6.16 value; £4) (7 brands, £9.06 value: £6). Full details and free 'expert's guide' with your first order. Dept NSN29, FP Sales Ltd, 28 Kelburne Road, Oxford OX4 3SZ.

WIDOW (45), London-based, would like to meet unattached man (preferably widower), who enjoys all, or some, of the following — music, literature, theatre, film, art, architecture, walking, swimming — with a view to establishing a permanent relationship. Box 963.

SEX SUPERMARKET
THE ADULT CENTRE
(established over 10 years)
for Sex Aids and Appliances,
Vibrators, French Ticklers, Exotic Undies etc.
Catalogues 10p + postage, on request.
519 Sheffield Rd, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield. Tel: 461118.
International sheath leaflet inc. DUREX brands s.a.e.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Classified ads cost only **£1.40 per six words** in the New Statesman (Min. size 12 words — £2.80)
Box Numbers £1.50 extra. Your name and address, if to be used in the ad, must be included and paid for. Use a plain sheet of paper if you need more space or don't want to cut the page.

Name: .....

Address: .....

.....

Heading required: .....

Remittance required: ..... No. of issues .....

Please use BLOCK CAPITALS

						£2.80
						£4.20
						£5.60
						£7.00

Remittances payable to **"NEW STATESMAN".** Send to: Classified Ads, NEW STATESMAN, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. **COPY DATE — By post-Mondays.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holidays / Travel

BLACKHEATH TRAVEL
WINE TOURS 1981

If you like sociable & friendly company from many parts of the country, on a not too energetic, not too technical but most entertaining trip to one of the following beautiful wine growing regions. . .

NORTHERN PORTUGAL (including Dao & Douro Valleys) ● LISBON AREA (Estoril, Sintra, Colares) ● BURGUNDY, LOIRE VALLEY ● TUSCANY (Florence, Siena, San Gimignano, Pisa) ● CALIFORNIA (San Francisco, Napa & Sonoma Valleys) ●

With excellent food & wine, comfortable hotels, scheduled flights,

. . . Then please apply for our brochure:

BLACKHEATH TRAVEL (WINE TOURS DEPT NS)
13 Blackheath Village, London SE3 9LD. Tel: 01-852 0025.

ATHENS, CORINTH, MARATHON
25 April - 8 May £142

PRICE INCLUDES:
Full day excursions to the above cities with experienced guide, and all breakfasts and evening dinners at the hotel, which is near a fine sandy beach. All rooms have balcony & private facilities.

YORKSHIRE TOURS,
49 Thornton Lodge Rd, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ.
Phone 0484 24269

Write for our 1981 brochure, STATING COUNTRY REQUIRED

SPRING TRAVEL BARGAINS

1. **BERLIN, LEIPZIG, DRESDEN. £135. 29 Aug-6 Sept.**
   Full board, De Luxe class hotel.
2. **LENINGRAD & MOSCOW. £199. 18-31 July.**
   Full board, visiting Winter Palace, Kremlin and 2 free theatre evenings.
3. **NORWAY CITIES & FJORDS £135. 6-15 June.**
   Full board, free Salmon & Trout fishing.
4. **LAKE BALATON & BUDAPEST Lakeside Hotel.**
   23-31 May £110: 18-26 July £130; 29 Aug-6 Sept £120
   Full board, & includes full sight-seeing programme.

Write YORKSHIRE TOURS, 49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ or phone 0484 24269

AUSTRALIA/N.Z.
From £295 o/w & £437 Rtn.
Direct or Interesting Stopovers
Via USA/HAWAII/FIJI/FAR EAST
HAWAIIAN HOLIDAYS
Waikiki from £450 (2 weeks)
Write for brochures, or call
REHO TRAVEL LTD.
Commonwealth House,
15 New Oxford Street, London WC1.
Tel: 01-405 8956/404 4944.
Bonded Agents.

ARCHAEOLOGY IN ISRAEL. A tough but rewarding working holiday in the sun. Volunteers needed to excavate desert and coastal sites in the Holy Land. Prices from £173 including air fare. Send to: Project 67 (NS) 36 Great Russell St, WC1. 01-636 1262.

BRIGANTINE EYE OF THE WIND discovers Wildlife, History, Nature this Summer. May to Sept. Inc., Western Isles of Scotland; Fjiords of Norway; Coasts of Sweden; Islands of Denmark. 14 days £350. Details Southampton (0703) 24332.

DEVON, EXETER. Town cottage to let. July/September. Quietly situated near City centre. Slps 4/5. Ideal base for West Country holiday. Tel. 0392 35993.

FLY WITH TRAVELTIME and save money and time to Greece and all other European countries. Also Americas, Asia and Africa. Tel: 01-637 4540. 296 Regent Street, W1 (near Oxford Circus).

FRANCE, CEVENNES. Apartment on farm. May-mid July, Sept.-October. Sleeps 4. 500f-650f. Further details: Tel. 01-440 6298.

ISLE OF MULL cottage overlooking harbour, sleeps 6/7, available 31 May to September. Tel. 01-986 1724.

LUXURY STONE COTTAGES in peaceful setting between St. Davids and Solva, Pembrokeshire. Nr. beaches and famous coastal path. Colour TV, dishwasher, Fully equipped. Wales Tourist Board Award. Full details from Peter Trier, St. Davids Studio Cottages, 23 Cross Square, St. Davids, Dyfed SA62 6SL. Tel. 043785 223.

MID-WALES. Clean, comfortable cottage. All cons, beautiful surroundings, TV. Rhayader (0597) 810735.

THREE CARAVANS on remote Welsh Mountain farm. Tel: Gwynfe (055 04) 277.

YORKSHIRE DALES: Fern House, by the village stream in beautiful Wharfedale. Comfort and good food. Magnificent scenery. Excellent touring and walking area. For brochure write to Fern House, Kettlewell, Skipton, N. Yorks, or tel. 075-676 251.

LATIN AMERICA, 5 low cost holiday journeys, 3/4/5 wks. Broch: Journey Latin America Ltd, 10 Barley Mow Passage, London W4. 01-994 6477.

UNUSUAL HOLIDAY DESTINATIONS 1981
ALBANIA, CUBA/USA, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, ETHIOPIA, FAROE ISLES, GREENLAND, HUNGARY, ICELAND, MONGOLIA, TURKEY, VIETNAM.

REGENT HOLIDAYS (UK) LTD,
13 Small Street, Bristol BS1 1DE.
Telephone 0272 211711 ATOL 856B

EASTER IN PARIS. Artist's studio and bedroom. Please telephone Paris 5425703.

WHY NOT LET YOUR HOME, in holidays to a foreign family (or rent his home)? Internat circle of teachers, officials, etc. N. Hinloopen, Engl. Master, 35 Stetweg, Castricum, Holland.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE GREEN. 226 3520. Bruce Springsteen in 'No Nukes' (A). 3 p.m., 5 p.m., 7 p.m., & 9 p.m.

Secretarial

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc, done expertly. Tel: 01-580 1885.

TEAMWORKER TYPISTS (NW3). Intell., accurate, fast. Books/theses. 01-267 0673.

Accommodation Vacant

BEDFORD PARK, W4. Furnished flat in private house to let. Bed-sit., k. & b. Academic or prof. only. Refs required. £55 p.w. Tel. 01-995 4320 evenings.

Accommodation Wanted

BETWEEN four and six young prof. people, graduates, seek house North London. Tel. 0442 42370 Paul or Sarah.

Third World First National Conference
10-12 April: Oxford

Speakers include **Yvette Vanson (TUIREG) and Fenis Augustine (High Commissioner for Grenada).**
THE NORTH-SOUTH GAME: The Brandt Report in practice — a simulation of what would happen.
Campaigning workshops on Anti-Poverty Action, Disarmament and Development, Higher Education and Development, El Salvador, Baby Milk Action, Uranium mining.
Launch of **'THE CREATION OF WORLD POVERTY'** by **Teresa Hayter**
Venue, Newman Rooms, St Aldates, Oxford.
£10 for weekend — includes food and floor-space.
Further details from and bookings to **Third World First(NS), 232 Cowley Road, Oxford. Tel: Oxford 45678**

THIRD WORLD FIRST

Courses

Recreational Arts for the Community

Unique degree and one year full time or two year part time Certificate courses in Art, Drama, Dance and Music with Sociology and practical experience in a variety of community situations.

No specific qualifications needed for the Certificate.

Details from: David Isenberg, City of Manchester College of Higher Education, Hathersage Road, Manchester M14 0JA. (061-225 9054 Ext. 264).

Publications

BOOKS ON JAPAN, Far East; rare, secondhand, out-of-print. The Eastern Traveller Bookshop, 45 Burton Street, London WC1. Tel. 01-388 6080.

LABOUR SOCIAL Movements Catalogue One from Biblio-Archive, 1 King's Mews, WC1.

MIDDLE EAST catalogues issued. A.C. Hall, 30 Staines Rd, Twickenham, Mdx.

OUT OF PRINT Book Service, 17 Fairwater Grove (E), Cardiff. S.a.e. for details.

REVIEW COPIES and others in fine condition bought by Vermilion books, 57 Red Lion Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 5822.

SECONDHAND BOOKS for sale. List No. 7. Books and pamphlets on Trade Union, Cooperative & Economic Hist., Russia, the Inter-war years & Misc. Politics. From Nick Spurrier, 79 Whitstable Rd, Canterbury, Kent. Tel. 62764.

'THE WAY TO WRITE' by *John Fairfax and John* Moat of the Arvon Foundation. — For anyone with the urge to write, whether at home or at school and college, a complete guide to the basic skills of good writing. Foreword by Ted Hughes. Paperback £3.95. Hardback £6.50. Elm Tree Books. Available from bookshops.

INDUSTRIAL HISTORY catalogues issued. A.C Hall, 30 Staines Rd, Twickenham, Midx.

BUGGED? UNDER SURVEILLANCE?

'THE BUGGING GAME'
A unique, previously restricted book describing modern counter-surveillance and eavesdropping techniques. A virtual encyclopedia of *'hidden knowledge'* it tells *ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW* about professional *METHODS!*

Part 1 — Telephone Systems
Part 2 — Radio & Microphone Systems
Part 3 — Electronic Surveillance & countermeasures

Over 300 pages, including detailed drawings and photos . . . *limited stocks.*

£3.75 per part £9.75 per set including postage.

CYBERSCAN INTERNATIONAL,
35 Dell Farm Rd, Ruislip, Middx. HA4 7TX.
Tel. 08956 73265.

Health

MALVERN Nature Cure Centre. Residential patients, vegetarian guests. S.a.e. Brochure: 5 College Grove, Great Malvern, Malvern 66818.

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332 cc 379 6233. 'Final Perfs' Peter Nichols' 'Passion Play' 30, 31, 1 (m&e), 2, 3, 4 (m&e). RSC also at The Warehouse (836 6808) in 'Final Perfs' Peter Prince's 'Television Times' and Jonathan Gems' 'Naked Robots.' RSC also at Piccadilly in Willy Russell's hilarious 'Educating Rita!

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252 Olivier (open stage) 'Othello', 'Hiawatha', 'The Life of Galileo', 'Man and Superman.' Lyttleton (proscenium stage) 'The Elephant Man.' Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Don Juan'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

OLD VIC. 928 7616 cc 261 1821 'S'. 31 March, 1 April 7.30 p.m., red price prevs; 2 April 7 p.m. Centaur Company of Montreal in Fennario's 'Balconville.'

THEATRE GOERS — please note: cc — credit cards; S-Student standby.

Literary

Bernard Stone
TURRET BOOKSHOP
43 Floral St WC2
01-836 7557
Wed 1 April 12 noon
SANDY GALL signs
'CHASING THE DRAGON'
(Collins £6.95)

Meetings

CRISIS & OPPORTUNITY. Dunamis Spring Lectures at St James's, Piccadilly at 1 p.m. Issues of Security & Survival. 1 April. Creative Opportunities for Britain — An American View. Richard Barnet. 8 April. What can we do? Appropriate Politics for To-day. Ronald Higgins.

PUBLIC MEETING: NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT. Speakers Duncan Campbell, Julie Christie, Jo Richardson MP. Tuesday 31 March, 8 p.m., Islington Central Library, Fieldway Crescent. N7 Islington CND.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

ROBERT KILROY-SILK, *MP speaking on 'Juvenile* Justice, Words and Action' at the House of Commons 8 p.m. Wednesday 1 April. Organised by Central London Fabian Society. All welcome. Further details: Helen Price 01-870 2233 (office hrs).

SOCIALIST ALTERNATIVE to Tory Health & Social Policies; Saturday 28 March, 1981 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mary Ward House (Side Entrance), 5-7 Tavistock Place, WC1. Gwyneth Dunwoody MP, Ruth Lister, Dr Cyril Taylor. Tickets from Socialist Medical Association, 9 Poland St, London W1V 3DG. £2.50. (Claimants/students £1.50) or at door.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Sun 29 March 8 p.m. Open Q/A Meeting 'The Mystery of Man' ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

WHAT IS BUDDHISM?
find out first from
THE BUDDHIST SOCIETY
58 ECCLESTON SQUARE, SW1.
TEL: 834 5858
Every Tuesday 6.30 p.m.
'INTRODUCING BUDDHISM'
Series of 8 independent lectures
All welcome

Financial

LOANS FROM £50. Salaried Persons Postal Loans Ltd. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tony Benn

ARGUMENTS FOR SOCIALISM

'Of importance not only to the labour movement but also to the country as a whole.' TRIBUNE

Edited by Chris Mullin 208 pages, £5.95 (Also in paperback at £1.50)

Anthony Crosland

THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM

His classic manifesto. 'No-one must in future take part in controversy on Socialism without having read it.' JOHN STRACHEY, NEW STATESMAN 384 pages, £8.95

SOCIALISM NOW

'Probably the most important socialist thinker Britain has produced.' ANTHONY KING, NEW SOCIETY 260 pages, paperback £1.95

THE SOCIALIST AGENDA

Essays on Crosland's brand of radical humanitarianism, edited by David Lipsey and Dick Leonard. 'I hope every member of the National Executive Committee has bought a copy.' ROY HATTERSLEY, GUARDIAN 248 pages, £7.95

Tam Dalyell

DEVOLUTION: THE END OF BRITAIN?

Preface by Hugh Trevor-Roper. 'Brilliant polemic.' ENCOUNTER 330 pages, paperback £2.95

The Crossman Diaries 1964-1970 IN ONE VOLUME

Ministerial Diaries abridged and introduced by Anthony Howard. 688 pages, 31 photographs, £8.95

(3-volume unabridged set £33.50)

The Backbench Diaries CROSSMAN 1951-1964

Edited by Janet Morgan, and just published, with 26 photographs and 4 cartoons. 1,128 pages, £15

David Owen

FACE THE FUTURE

'Dr Owen's new book is the nearest thing to a modern social democratic bible and it is both more radical and more impressive than any other ideas recently published by a practising politician.' SUNDAY TIMES 550 pages, £12.50

HUMAN RIGHTS

'A wide-ranging study of extremely complex political problems . . .' THE TIMES EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT

160 pages, paperback £2.50

DAVID Marquand

PARLIAMENT FOR EUROPE

'Should be read in detail . . . one of the more original books on the Common Market to appear in recent years.' CHRIS JONES, TRIBUNE 156 pages, paperback £2.95

Healey's Eye

A PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMOIR BY DENIS HEALEY

signed by the author (offer closes 30 April)

'A pleasure . . . ranges widely and in long perspective, based on considerable learning and unusual observation.' SUNDAY TIMES

'Hansomely-produced elegant book.' GUARDIAN

Almost 200 photographs, 115 in colour. £7.95

JENNIE LEE My Life with Nye

'Astonishingly candid memoir of her life with Aneurin Bevan.' ANTHONY HOWARD, LISTENER

'Has much of the verve of her conversation, fresh, natural, brightened with sudden sparkles of wit, and abounding in wicked perceptions of human frailties . . . essential for historians.' THE TIMES

277 pages, 33 photographs and 8 cartoons. £8.50

Hugh Gaitskell

BY PHILIP WILLIAMS

'His majesterial and monumental biography. Bright, unexpected treasures are to be found everywhere in this vast, rich but easily digestible pudding of a book' MICHAEL FOOT, THE LISTENER

1,008 pages, 64 photographs and 5 cartoons, £15.

Ramsay MacDonald

BY DAVID MARQUAND

'An outstanding contribution to historical understanding.' ASA BRIGGS, GUARDIAN

'A brilliant and often moving book.' THE TIMES

919 pages, with 78 photographs. £12.50

Order your books post free from the FABIAN SOCIETY BOOKSHOP

Post this coupon to:
FABIAN SOCIETY BOOKSHOP
11 DARTMOUTH STREET
LONDON SW1H 9BN

I enclose cheque for £.....
to cover the cost of the books ticked below which I should like sent to me post and packing free. (3 weeks delivery)

....Arguments for Socialism £5.95
....Arguments for Socialism £1.50
....The Future of Socialism £8.95
....Socialism Now £1.95
....The Socialist Agenda £7.95
....Devolution £2.95
....Crossman (1 vol) £8.95
....Crossman (3 vol set) £33.50
....Backbench Diaries £15
....Face the Future £12.50
....Human Rights £2.50
....Parliament for Europe £2.95
....Healey's Eye £7.95
....Jennie Lee £8.50
....Gaitskell £15
....R. MacDonald £12.50

NAME

ADDRESS

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Filmset by Arc Filmsetting Ltd, 44-48 Clerkenwell Road, London EC1. Printed by QB Ltd, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd, at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED